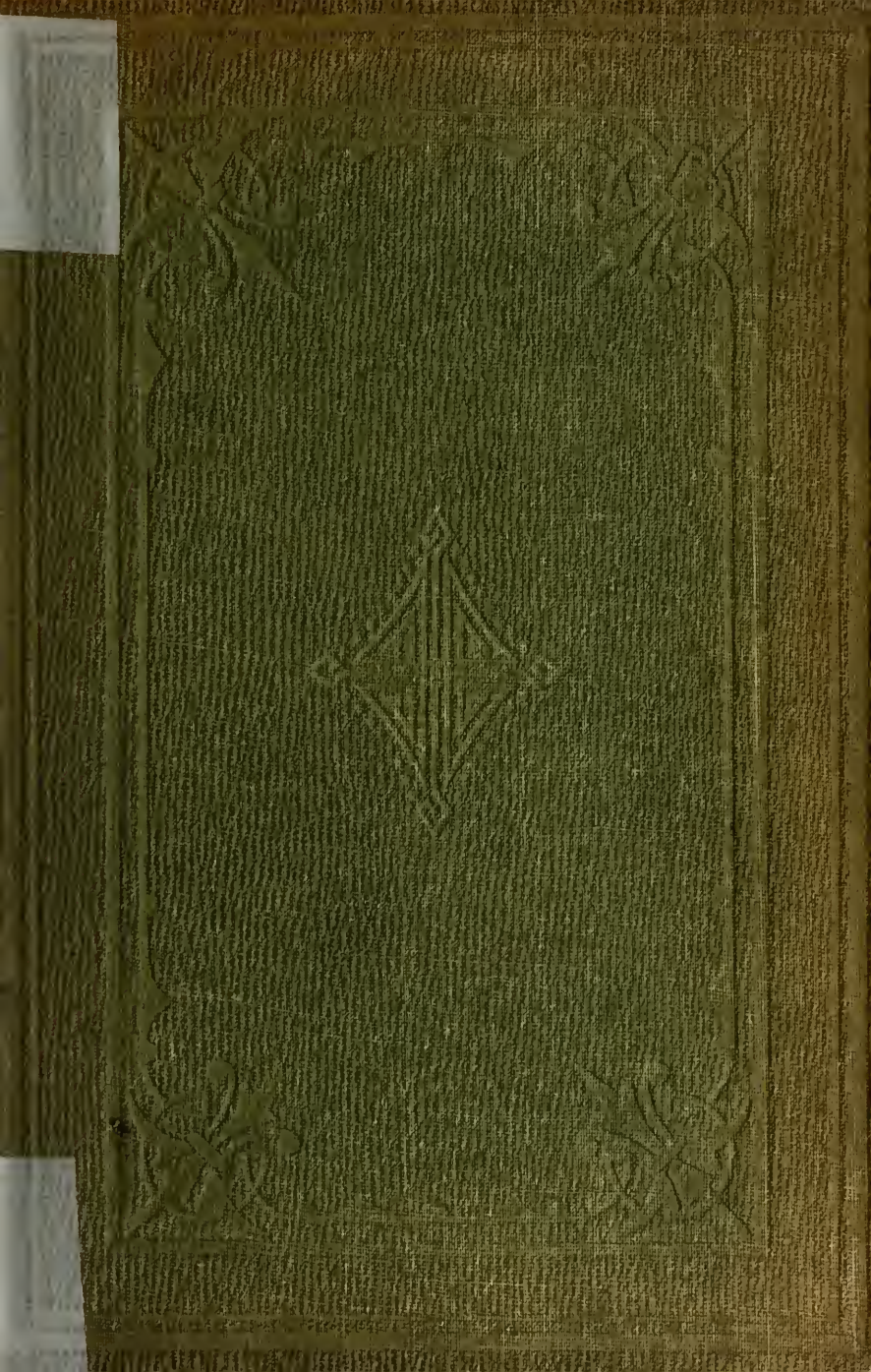




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LIT.



COMICALITIES;

OR,

Budget of Amusement for all Seasons:

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES, JOKES, PUNS, WITTICISMS,
NOVEL NOTIONS, HUMOROUS TALES, &c., &c.;

FORMING

A PLEASANT COMPANION FOR SPRING, SUMMER,
AUTUMN, AND WINTER,

AND

A RICH BANQUET FOR EVERYBODY'S ENJOYMENT.

FIRST SERIES.

GLASGOW:
JOHN CAMERON, 47 YORK STREET.

1716



COMICALITIES.

Death in the Glass.

A humorous traveller was making up his tumbler of toddy in the bar of an hotel. A gentleman on the other side of the table says: "Sir, do you know there is death in that glass?"—"Ah! I was not aware." "Yes, sir, I tell you there is death in it!"—"Ah!" and having tasted it, and smacking his lips, he said, "Gad, sir, I believe you're right; I've drowned the miller!" Whereupon he rang for the waiter, and ordered another glass, in order to bring "the miller" back to life again.

A Fine View.

Two sharp youths from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyllshire, met with a decent-looking shepherd upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking: "You have a fine view here, friend; you will see a great way."—"Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America from here?"—"Farther than that," said Donald. "Ah! how that?"—"Ou, juist wait till the mists gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune?"

Providence Outwitted.

"Tak notice," shouted the Inverary bell-man, "that the poat for Glasgow will sail on Monday morning, God willing and weather permittin', or on Tuesday, whether or no."

"Old Clo."

Christopher North had a great hatred at the "Old Clo'" men who infest the streets. Coming from his class one day, a shabby Irishman asked him in the usual confidential manner, "Any old clo', sir?"—"No;" replied the professor, imitating the whisper; "no, my dear fellow—have you?"

Unpatriotic Highlanders.

One class sometimes found in society we would especially beseech to depart; we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. A Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes; who, in his youth, wore homespun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows, in spite of him, through his veins—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peat-reek is frankincense in comparison with him; let him not be distracted by any of our reminiscences of the old country; leave us, we beseech of thee!—*Dr. Norman Macleod.*

Prayer versus Works.

The following story was told by Rev. Wm. Arnot at a soiree in Sir H. W. Moncrieff's church in Edinburgh the other evening:—"Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West Highlands together on a tour ere leaving for India. While crossing a loch in a boat, in company with a number of passengers, a storm came on. One of the passengers was heard to say, 'The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we'll a' be drooned.' 'Na, na,' said the boatman, 'the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak' an oar.'"

All-Healing Salve.

A genius living in California made a nerve-and-bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experimentalize a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail, and applied a little of the salve to the stump; a new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

A Clever Skipper.

It is said, that there is a skipper in New York, who has so often crossed the Atlantic, that he knows every wave by sight.

Sleepy.

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman who had a shocking bad one on.—"No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why? because I think it is a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.

Affecting Definition.

Precocious child: "Papa, what is humbug?"—*Parent*, (with a deep-drawn sigh:) "It is, my dear, when your mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts!"

Affecting Anecdote.

A cruel father unmercifully beat his two stepsons. The elder went for a soldier; the younger went for a policeman.

Short Signature.

A lazy fellow, named Jack Hole, living near Covington, Ky., has adopted a way of spelling his name which throws fonotypy clear into the shade. He makes a big "J," and then jabs his pen through the paper for the "Hole."

Literally True, (by an Algebraist.)

What is the worth of woman?—Double you, O man.

Awkward.

"I'm always in a mess," as the steward said when he fell into his soup boiler.

Looking Back.

"I loved thee once," as the teetotaller said to the bottle of whisky.

Why don't the men propose?

"Now is the winter of our discontent," as the old maid said when she turned forty and found herself without a suitor.

Ability.

"Mother," said a little urchin about five years old, why don't my teacher make me a monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in the class but one."

Shont per Shent.

"I say," cried a fashionable youth to an old usurer, "the ready is needful."—"Yesh," cried the other, "but the needful ish not ready."

Mrs. Jacob Twig.

As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?"—"It is I; don't be afraid."

Forgetting and For-getting.

"John, I am afraid you have been forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day. "Yes, Sue, I have been *for getting* you these two years."

A Fruitful Joke.

"I'll prig the *plums* if you won't *peach*," as the orchard robber said to his confederate on the other side of the wall.

"A Sweet Return,"

Exclaimed the husband when his wife threw the sugar basin at him.

"I'll take it short,"

As the crocodile said to the nigger's leg.

Put Out.

"Isn't that stingy old Brown a distant relative of yours?"—"Not exactly, he is the nearest relative I have."

"Thy Promises are Broken,"

As the gentleman said to the returned bill.

"Droop not yet,"

As the dandy observed to his shirt collar.

"I'll come to thee when Daylight Sets,"

As the lamplighter said to the lamp.

Vory True.

"This is a *dead* take in," as the minnow said when swallowed by the pike.

The Bal Masque, (Masked Ball.)

"Well, Samuel, what caraktur was you at the Bal Maskey?"—"Oh! I went as *Hivanoe*." "What was you?"—"Why, a *gent* of the time of *Charley Mang*."

Hard Heart.

"I'm afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty young woman during the storm. "Well you may," sighed her despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

A Liberal Offer.

A pedestrian at Hyde Park Corner, the other day, nearly run down by a returning hearse, hastily exclaimed, "Hullo! are you going to kill me?"—to which the driver *gravely* answered, "Kill you?—ay, and bury you too, if you don't take better care!"

Examination in Fortification.

Master: "What is external fortification?"—*Pupil*: "Two greatcoats and a woollen nightcap." *Master*: "What is internal fortification?"—*Pupil*: "A rump steak and two glasses of brandy and water."

The Fleet Prison.

Racing stables during a hard frost.

A Fine Crop.

A provincial paper once stated that the grains of wheat were so large that year that they choked the little birds that attempted to swallow them.

"That man is a Thief,"

Said a wag to his friend, pointing to a reporter seated in a police office. "Why so?" inquired his friend.—"Why?" cried he; "don't you perceive he is taking notes?"

Reflection—by a Teetotaller.

Modesty is like a sober flower,—it takes no more than its due.

Thin Man.

"Boy, what's that hungry-looking dog following me for?"—*Insulting Boy*: "He thinks you are a bone, I reckon."

Little Heathen.

Arthur, (coming out of church :) "Mamma, how pretty that lamp and all the other lights and flowers were. Was it a pantomime?"

"Very poor Milk this,"

Exclaimed a wife to her lord one evening. "Yes, my dear, it is like your tea." "How is that?"—"Too much water in it."

St. Valentine's Day.

A double knock! *Expectation*: "From him!"
Disappointment: "A tax paper!"

Simplicity.

A country girl, coming in from the fields, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any fellow of that name, but Bill Jones, that kissed me; and I told him every body would find him out."

Neck and Heels.

A young man of the name of Neck was recently married to a Miss Heels; they are now, therefore, tied Neck and Heels together.

A Good Reason.

A farmer was lately asked by the minister how it was that, when he preached, the farmer always fell asleep; but when a stranger preached, he was all attention. The farmer replied, "Why, sir, when ye preaches, I know aw's right; but when a stranger comes, I canna trust him, and so I keeps a good look out."

A Counterfeit.

A fellow, pretending to be in a fit, was carried from the street, in New Orleans, into a grocery store and laid upon the counter, where brandy was poured down his throat, and he recovered. A wag who happened to be present, said the fellow was a rogue, and the fit was a counter-fit!

Hotch-Potch.

Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good?—to which he replied, "Very good for hogs!" "Then, pray," said the lady, "allow me to help you to a little more of it."

A Sailor's Notion.

A sailor, seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving coloured men, women, and children on board ship for New Orleans' market, shook his head, and said, "Jim, if the devil don't catch them fellers, we might as well not have any devil."

A Hint.

"Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying the "reckoning,"—"recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

The Pleasures of Anticipation.

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far west?"—"Oh, I am delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there, he was as poor as we are; and he died in three years, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

Next to Nothing.

"What's a o'clock, Pat?" inquired a traveller.—"Next to nothing," answered the Milesian, with great confidence. "What do you mean?" asked the traveller.—"Not quite one," replied Pat; "and follows in coorse that what isn't one is next to nothing."

Promptitude.

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awoke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you have two hours to sleep."

Caution.

Don't keep your beer barrel in the same cellar as your dust bin.

Connubial Compliment.

"No, Catherine," said Patrick to his wife, "you never catch a lie coming out of my mouth."—"You may well say that," replied Kate; "they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."

A Visible Sign.

At a Sunday school examination a few days ago, a little girl being asked by her catechizer, "What is the outward visible sign or form in baptism?"—innocently replied, "Please, sir, the baby."

Cured.

An apothecary, being with a large company of his neighbours, boasted that a patient, who had been many months confined to his bed, under the care of another apothecary, was out in twenty-four hours after he had begun to attend him. "Yes," replied a person present, "I know that to be a fact; I met him yesterday going to be buried."

Good Shot.

A sea-officer, who had lost his hand by a grape-shot, was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. "A noble ball, madam, for it bore away the palm."

Deviating.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, when travelling in Inverness-shire with Boswell, addressed a man at work in a peat-moss: "How far are we from Fort-William, friend? I think we have been deviating the last half hour."—"Like enough," replied the man; "but I've been divoting here sin' six o'clock this morning."

The Wretch.

A correspondent suggests that "mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

Bunkum.

A jockey at the Maze Races, England, asked an emigrant Yankee if they had any such remarkably swift horses in America? "Swift!" said Jonathan; "why, I guess we have—I've seen a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat a quarter of a mile at the first heat!"

Hop-on.

A thick-sculled school-boy had the sentence, "Hop on, hope ever," written for him to copy by his teacher. Imagine the surprise of the latter when, upon examining the youngster's chirographical achievements, he found it rendered thus: "Hop on, hop over."

"Facts are very Stubborn Things," said a husband to his wife. "Are they?" said she; "then what a fact you must be."

Pot and Kettle.

Owner, (to jockey, who has just won a jumping race :) "Confound you! why did you go and win? I paid you to lose. I call it a dead swindle." *Jockey*: "Yes, I know; but, you see, I'd been backin' the 'oss myself."

The Sausage Machine.

Cook, (in a fluster :) "O, 'f y' please, 'm, no wonder the flavour o' them sassengers wasn't to rights, 'm, which I've jest now ketched Mister Alfred a cuttin' his 'cavendish' in the machine!"

A Perfect Treasure.

They have a beautiful young lady in Memphis seven feet high.

A. B. C.

Lady: "What are you teaching her, nurse?"—*Nurse*: "Letter A, mum." *Lady*: "Then let-her-be."—*Nurse*: "If she doesn't learn it, I'll let-her-see."

Too Bad.

Country railway porter, (to swell, who is waiting for the express :) "Now, then, look aloive for the 'scursion!' Second or third, my man?"

A good Looking-glass.

"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you weren't a mirror!" "Why so?" said the blushing lady. — "Because you would be such a good-looking-lass."

Unsophisticated Old Boy.

"Well, my dear, he seems a capital young fellow, and I am sure he will make you a capital husband. But, I say, Jessie, what did you mean by *no cards*? Surely your father-in-law, the parson, does not object to a mild rubber at whist?"

How did it Happen?

A remarkable phenomenon occurred a few days ago on the Brighton railway. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite to each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaster on her lip. On emerging from one of the dark tunnels, marvellous to relate, the court-plaster was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip!

The way to put it.

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed—"I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

Professional Companions.

A gentleman who was dining with another praised the meat very much, and inquired who was the butcher. — "His name is Addison." "Addison!" echoed the guest: "Pray, is he any relation to the poet?" — "I can't say; but this I know, he is seldom without his Steel by his side."

Arithmetically Drunk.

"And he's as drunk as a hog, I suppose?" said some one to Hood, speaking of a person who had been drinking. "No," replied Hood, "he spent two shillings in liquor, and so is as drunk as two hogs."

A change of Name.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
 Old Adam called her woe-man ;
 But when she woo'd with love so kind,
 He then pronounced her woo-man.
 But now with folly and with pride,
 Their husband's pocket brimming,
 The ladies are so full of whims,
 That people call them whim-men.

For Young Ladies.

Josh Billings is sage when he gives counsel to young ladies as to how they should receive a proposal. He says: "You ought tew take it kind, looking down hill with an expreshun about half-tickled and half-scart. After the pop is over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind of take its own course."

Strong-Minded Women.

During the recent session of the Equal Rights Convention a strong-minded female entered a crowded street-railroad car. An old gentleman rose to give her a seat, but asked, "Be you one of those women-righters?"—"I be." "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man?"—"Yes, I do." "Then stand up and enjoy them like a man;"—and stand up she did.

Pulling up a Poet.

A poet was once walking with M. Talleyrand, in the street, reciting some of his verses. Talleyrand, perceiving, at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to the poet, saying, "Not so loud, he hears you."

A Good Excuse.

An old French Countess, of the most exquisite politeness, was about to breathe her last, when she received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of her mortal illness. The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was memorably unique—"The Countess de Rouen sends her compliments to Madame Calais, but begs to be excused, as she is engaged in dying."

Unremitting Kindness.

A comedian went to America, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives in England. Mrs. Fawcett, expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know he regularly writes to his wife every packet."—"Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about agony of absence; but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?"—"Decidedly," replied the author, "unremitting kindness."

A Candid Confession.

In a manse of Fife the conversation of a large party, one evening, turned on a volume of sermons which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard what had been made of the volume, her imagination was excited; and turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, "My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons too."—"They were a' printed lang syne," said the candid minister, quietly, in his wife's ear.

An Absent Lover.

Sir Isaac Newton once went a-wooing, and had the greatest attention and indulgence paid to the peculiarities which were known to distinguish him. He was fond of smoking, and his lady-love provided him with a pipe. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair nearer to the lady. A pause of some minutes ensued, and Sir Isaac seemed more and more uneasy. The lady thought he was bashful. The philosopher whiffed with redoubled vigour, and seizing the hand of the lady, drew it caressingly towards him. There was no opposition to what seemed to be the prelude to a declaration; but, horror of horrors, the forefinger was incontinently pressed into the bowl of the pipe. The astronomer had absently used it as a tobacco-stopper. The lady disengaged her hand, uttering a cry of pain, and the courtship was brought to a sudden end.

A Literary Breakfast.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
 (Though for breakfast too savoury I wis,)
 He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
 "What a breakfast of learning is this!"—
 "A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cried,
 And laughed, for he thought him mistaken:—
 "Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
 "When I'm making large extracts from Bacon."

Effeminacy Rebuked.

The late Dr. Archer, of the Catholic Chapel, Warwick Street, dining once at a friend's, met there an effeminate stripling, who wore his hair in girlish length down upon his shoulders. On taking leave, the old doctor went up to Young Languish, and playfully tossing in his hand one of the youth's long locks, thus addressed him, laying a very strong emphasis on the first word:—

"*Man* wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little *long*."

Very Beggarly.

The Duke of Buckingham once said to Sir Robert Viner, "I am absolutely afraid that I shall die a beggar."
 —"At the rate you go on," replied Sir Robert, "I am afraid you will live one."

Speaking Ill of the Dead.

Jekyll, being told of a brewer who had been drowned in one of his vats, exclaimed, "Alas! poor man, floating on his watery bier!"

A Roland for an Oliver.

Turner, the painter, met at a dinner of artists a person who had published some poems of his own composition, which, being very poor, soon became a drug in the shops. With the view of insulting Turner, he proposed the toast of "The Painters and Glaziers of Britain."—"With all my heart," said Turner; "but you have forgotten the paper-stainers."

In the Background.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree!

Thought of Before.

A butcher, at the point of death, address'd
Unto his weeping wife this last request:
"A man is needed in our trade, and none
Can serve you better than our foreman, John.
Lamb-like in heart, and bullock-like in limb,
You'll find a fit and faithful help in him.
So promise me, my love, that when I'm gone,
You'll think of my advice, and marry John."
The wife replied, and wiped away a tear,
"Alas! I thought of doing so, my dear."

Determined to do Business.

A gentleman, crossing one of the New York ferries, was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about such public places, with, "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillin'."—The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself!" Off went the lad, and, whispering to another at a distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eying the pretended author of "Pelham" with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the 'Women of England,' sir? You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

The Ungrateful Banker.

When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was taken in the south of Ireland, curiosity drew numbers to the gaol to see the man loaded with irons who had long been a terror to the country. Among others was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah! sir, I did not expect that from *you*; indeed, I did not; for you well know that when all the country refused your notes, I *took* them."

“Varra Clear.”

A Scotch minister having occasion to refer to the battle of Armageddon, said: “Armageddon, my friends, is a Hebrew word. I could explain it to you; but if I did explain Armageddon to you, ye would not be any the wiser.”

Ship Miseries.

Giving a dandy a tarry rope to pull by, by which means he has the delectable pleasure of walking off with a good half-pound of tar, which takes him the rest of the passage to get off.

Soaping the cuddy ladder half way up, by which some annoying puppy has an opportunity of showing his skill in gymnastics, at the expense of his back and sides.

Taking the head of the table as the least crowded place, by a sudden roll of the vessel find the whole of the dinner lodged in your lap, and the rearguard brought up by a score of fat passengers, who are all driven towards the scene of distress. When the ship rolls on the contrary side, you have the pleasure of being uppermost in your turn, and riding some of them back again, disencumbering your clothing and person of your hot and greasy cargo, to the great advantage of those beneath you.

Finding, from the stupidity of your servant, who has forgotten to lash your chair, that the first roll of the ship gives you an opportunity of cutting a summer-set backwards. Endeavouring to save yourself, unfortunately seize the sea-pie, and get the contents in your palpitating bosom.

Being rather scanty of clean linen, resolve to have a general wash; for which purpose you tow over your little kit, when, from the injudicious manner in which you have tied the knot, you have the mortification of seeing the whole riding on the billows; one satisfaction only remaining to you, that you know where you are.

Going up the rigging to look out for land, find yourself tied hands and feet by the sailors, and kept there till your liberality in the article called grog, is duly exhibited by an order on the steward for a gallon.

Sleeping to leeward late in the morning, find yourself swimming, the morning watch having commenced washing decks. Symptoms of anger would only increase the laugh at your expense.

Shewing your agility in ascending the ship's side, miss your footing, by which you have a most favourable opportunity of shewing your swimming powers also.

Sitting between two foreigners, of whose language you do not understand a syllable; but who, from their violent gestures, appear to be laying deep plans for cutting your throat.

Sitting opposite, or next to a prodigious fat gentleman, or dame, who has the wheezing asthma.

Sitting next your tailor or shoemaker, to whom you owe a long bill.

Quarrelling with the officers of the ship; in consequence of which, wherever you shew your nose, you are sure of being soused, and played all manner of tricks with by the crew, to the great amusement of the passengers.

Being obliged to sit next a person with whom you have quarrelled, and are to settle the little affair of honour on arriving at the first land.

Sailor Boy.

In a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a violent fit of laughter. Being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason for it, "Why," said he, "I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes into the water."

Josh Billings's Observations.

There iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.

That "ignorance iz bliss,"—ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.

That dry pastors are the best for flocks,—flocks ov sheep, i mean.

That a woman kant keep a sekret, nor let ennybody else keep one.

If yu want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wilde oats.

After yu hav made up yure mind jist what yu are going tew dew, then iz a good time tew dew it.

It has bin sed that cats are good tu make up into sassages; but this iz a grate mistake: i hav bin told bi a sassage-maker that tha don't kompare with dogs.

I think if i could hav mi way, thare wouldn't be cnny more cats born, unless tha could sho a certificate ov good moral karakter.

Impudence iz the affek ov tew little knollege, and modesta is often the affek ov tew mutch.

Men are very often ashamed tew tell the truth, because tha don't kno how.

Aul ov us komplain of the shortness ov life, yet we all waste more time than we uze.

EPITAFF.—Here lies John Ferguson, Esq., worth half-a-million,—less the kingdom ov heaven.

If yu hav got a real good wife, kepe perfectly still, and thank God ev'ry twenty minnits for it.

Look out, galls! the Jack of hartes is alwus a nave.

"The sea, the roarin' sea!" A sublime standza, wurth at least 7 dollars, intended, undoubtedly, for the Atlantic Monthly, and cent tu us bi mistake. We wud like tu accept it, but dassent, fur fere folks mite sa we stole it.

"Wait a little longer," bi Eugene. This potri wants greasing. Thare aint nothin so eazy tu rite az potri if yu know how. Our advice tu this author iz tu take pills, and if tha don't release him ov his potri, he kan konklude he haz got the potri disease the natral wa, and iz liable tu brake out at sumtime.

In konklusion, fustly, we would sa tu moste writers, "Write often, and publish seldom;" secondly, tu sum writers, "Write seldom, and publish seldummer."

Perkins;—i hav red yure peace on "Wimmin's Rites," thru and thru, and must say that i luv it. In my opinyun, wimmin haz a rite tu du ennything well, but saw wood; sawin' wood ain't their stile; specially if the sawbuk iz a high one, it must mortify them the wust wa.

I think fools du more work in this world than the raskals.

If i aint mistaken, the best wa tew git religion iz tew git honesta, and truth, and a sprinkling ov mortality fust, and cee how tha agree with us.

Life iz short; but it is long enuff to ruin enny man who wants tew be ruined.

The grate art in writing well is tew kno when tew stop.

"Give the devil his due;" but be very kerful that thare aint mutch due him.

"Sparks fly upward." Old maids will please make a note ov this.

"What will it proffit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—i answer, nothing; but thare are cases whare thare wouldn't be enny loss tew speak ov.

"Think twice before yu speak once;" but don't think, "d——n it."

Thare is onla one thing that i blame Adam for, and that iz, when he had the onla woman on arth, he didn't git her warranted.

Marrying a woman for her munny is vera mutch like setting a rat-trap, and baiting it with yure own finger.

"Between tew evils choose the least." Brandee and gin, for instance, which will yu ha'?

Munny is like promises,—easier made than kept.

If men had a good deal more faith than tha had kom-mon sense, moste ov them wud expek tu liv az Eliger ov old did.

The fust man born inter the wurd killed the sekund one, and i aint sure but it wud hav bin a good plan if the men had tuk their turns at killing ever sinse.

Matches ma be made in heaven, but tha are generally sold down here.

A vartuous, and ekonomical, and knooing, and butiful woman, is—is all that can be sed on the subjec.

Man was kreated a little lower than the angells, and has bin gittin' a little lower ever sinse.

Misfortin and twins hardly ever come singly.

Robbers are like rane,—tha fall on the just and the unjust.

Noboddy but a phool gits bit twice bi the same dog.

When a feller gits a goin' down hil, it dus seem as tho evry thin' had been greased for the okashun.

I hav finally kum to the konklusion, that a good reliable sett ov bowels iz wurth more tu a man than enny quantity ov brains.

Music hath charms tu soothe a savage: this ma be so; but i wud rather try a revolver on him fust.

Tha tell me that femails are so skarse in the far western country, that a great menny married wimmin are already engaged tu their sekund and third husbands.

“Tell the truth and shame the devil;”—i kno lots of people who can shame the devil easy enuff, but t'other thing bothers them.

If yu don't beleaf in total depravity, buy a quart ov gin and studdy it.

Woman's influence iz powerful,—espeshila when she wants ennything.

The road tew ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travellers pay the expense ov it.

Lastly, i am violently opposed tu arden speerits as a bevridge; but for manufaktring porposes, i think a leetle ov it taste good.

It is not only natral tew luv the femail sek, but 'tis highly pleasant.

Verry few people enjoy munny, bekause tha kant git enuff ov it.

It iz eazy enuff tew raise the devil; but he iz a hard crop tew reap.

Sekrets make a dungin ov the harte, and a jailor ov its owner.

Don't let us forgit that the higher up we git the smaller will things look tew us here belo.

It is tru that welth don't maik a man vartuous; but i notis thare ain't ennyboddy who wants to be poor jist for the purpiss of being good.

Tew bring up a child in the wa he should go,—travel that wa yourself.

A Grunter.

“This is a regular sou’-wester,” as the pig said when blown overboard.

A Just Rebuke.

A hypocritical fellow in Athens inscribed over his door, “Let nothing evil enter here.” Diogenes wrote under, “By what door does the owner come in?”

Sharp Reply.

A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty. “What is that to you?” said he; “meddle with those things that concern you.”

A Gallant.

“The only way to look at a lady’s faults,” exclaimed a super-gallant Hibernian, “is to shut your eyes.”

A Schoolmaster

in Ohio advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice-a-week.

The Letter U.

“Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?” —“Well, I don’t like to say, Mr. Snobbs.” “Pooh, nonsense, tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?” —“Well,” dropping her eyes, “I like U the best.

The United State.

“Ma,” said a little girl, who had just commenced lessons in geography, “whereabouts shall I find the state of Matrimony?”—“Oh,” replied the mother, “you will find that to be one of the United States.”

The Way they do things in the City.

Noble Guest: “I’ve heard it’s impossible to eat turtle soup with impunity?”—*Alderman*: “I don’t know, my lord, I never eat mine that way; I always eat mine with a spoon.”

The Debt of Nature.

No Englishman dies exactly poor, for he leaves his share in the National Debt to his children.

High Life in the New-Cut.

Gentleman: "What's the price of this red herring?"
—Fishmonger: "You shall have that one for a half-penny, sir." *Gentleman*: "Well, I've no money about me; but I can give a postage stamp, if you can oblige me with change."

Morning Reflections.

Magistrate: "What has brought you here, sir?"—
Prisoner: "Two policemen, please your honour."
Magistrate: "Then I suppose liquor has nothing to do with it?"—*Prisoner*: "Yes, sir, they were both drunk."

Taking Long Credit.

Mr. S——, is your customer, Mr. B——, to be trusted?"—"I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever. He never pays."

Unpublished Anecdote of Dr. Abernethy.

Lady, (affectedly:) "Where, in the name of wonder, doctor, could I have got such a nose as this?"—*Doctor A.*: "Out of the decanter, ma'am."

The Same Thing with a Difference.

"Don't you understand me, Jim?" thundered the old man. "Why, you must be quite a fool."—"True, I am very near one," meekly replied Jim.

A Special Plea.

A young thief, who was the other day charged with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, "for that he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them as they came."

Sentiment.

A lady, sitting down to dinner of roast veal the other day, exclaimed, while eating, "I do think that butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived: these poor calves! Another piece of the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith."

Hard Hit.

"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you you had but six hours to live."—"Yes, I know you did, doctor; but I did not take the dose you left me."

Wanted a Husband.

"I see," said a young lady, "that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I wish I had one." "Why?" asked her mother.—"Because Mr. E. is too modest to ask me to marry him; and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the questions, he would sign it."

Good for Him.

"Father," shouted a little fellow as his father took up the brandy bottle, "aint you opposed to monopoly?"—"Yes, my boy." "Then give me a drink too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and has not tasted liquor since.

A Cabman's Estimate of Respectability.

"What do you take me for?" said an elderly gentleman to a cabman who had grossly insulted him. "Take yer for? vy, I took yer for a shillin' a mile; but I find yer a shab as only gives eightpence."

Difference of Term.

A Frenchman stopping at a tavern asked for Jacob. "There is no person of that name here," said the landlord. "Tis not a person I want, sare, but the beer warmed with the poker." "Well," answered mine host, "that is flip." "Ah! yes, sare, you are in de right; I mean *Philip*."

Artful Wager.

A man with one eye laid a wager with another person that he (the one-eyed person) could see more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first: "I can see the two eyes in your face, and you see only one in mine."

Quaint Dialogue in the Back Woods of America.

A passing traveller meets with a settler near a house and inquires whose house?—Nogg's. Of what built?—Logs. Any neighbours?—Frogs. What's the soil?—Bogs. The climate?—Fogs. Your diet?—Hogs. How do you catch them?—Dogs.

A Desirable Debtor.

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, mind that."—"I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed."

Which is the Worst?

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."—"No, she has left that off, and turned expensive."

Conclusive.

A lady asked her physician if snuff was injurious to the brains?—"No," said he, "for nobody who has any *brains* takes snuff."

The Acme of Penetration.

Finding your way into a Scotchman's cellar.

Something for the Census.

If asked how many times you have been cheated in the course of your life, recollect how many times you have paid the cabman as much as he asked you.

If a young lady says she will be ready in five minutes, it means—the whole afternoon or morning, as the case may be.

If an omnibus says it is going to start in five minutes, it means—half-an-hour at the very least.

If an old gentleman in spectacles says you will have the newspaper in five minutes, it means—as long as you have the patience to wait.

You may purchase any stamp at the Stamp Office, except the stamp of a gentleman.

Pawnbrokers take such enormous interest in their little pledges, that if they were really pledges of affection, the interest taken could hardly be exceeded.

Propriety of Language.

A vulgar little boy, observing that William Rufus got his "gruel" in the New Forest, is reminded by his companion that he ought to have said "*arrow-root*."

Wise Resolution.

"I will never marry a woman that can't carve," said M. "Why?"—"Because she would not be a *help-meat* for me."

Not Literary True.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom," exclaimed a stump orator. "No," exclaimed a shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Fetters Superseded.

The Siamese prevent the escape of their prisoners by burning their feet.

Sharp Reply.

A lady, purchasing a second-hand waiter, asked the broker whether he thought it would answer?—"Yes, ma'am," he replied; "without question."

"All is Vanity,"

As the swell-mobsman said when he was handed into the police van.

A Lesson in Life.

It's a good plan to find your nightcap before you blow out your candle.

A Disadvantage.

There is a man in California with feet so large that he could not see the country without standing on his head.

Capital Challenge.

The *Boston Post* furnishes the following item of sporting intelligence:—The man that rides the nightmare has challenged the telegraph to trot fifty miles before a waggon.

Good Advice.

If you want to be happy when old, be temperate when young.

Lord Glasgow's Autograph.

The mention of Lord Glasgow's name reminds me of an amusing anecdote of his lordship, which he himself tells with great gusto. Some short time ago he had occasion to travel from London to Glasgow, and on taking his ticket at the booking office of the railway station tendered a £10 note in payment. Before giving change, the clerk, in accordance with the usual custom, requested him to endorse the note with his name; and on his lordship's complying with the mandate, and returning the note to the official, the latter, after a contemptuous glance at the signature "Glasgow," tossed it back to the owner, exclaiming indignantly, with the air of a man whose time was too precious to be trifled with, "Put your own name to it, and not the name of the place you want to go to, you old fool!" The *denouement*, as the penny novels have it, is better imagined than described.

Getting out of the Difficulty.

When Professor Aytoun was proposing marriage to his first wife, a daughter of Professor Wilson, the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire. "Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I dislike speaking to him on this subject, you must go and tell him yourself." The lady proceeded to the library, and told her father that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."—"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back." He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the suitor read the answer to his message, which was, "With the author's compliments!"

A Husband.

A very romantic young lady, rescued from drowning while in a state of insensibility, declared, on reviving, that she must and would marry her preserver. On inquiring the name of her generous deliverer, to her great dismay, she learned that it was a Newfoundland dog.

Abstruse Calculation.

Said Bill to Jack, "How many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?"—"Five," answered Jack. "No, it wouldn't," said Bill; "for calling the tail one wouldn't make it so, would it?" Jack fainted.

Equality.

A country boy being asked the other day what was meant by universal suffrage, instantly replied, "Why, it means that every man should suffer alike."

Presents to the Queen.

A Mexican vessel arrived at Dartmouth has brought sundry pretty presents to her Majesty, amongst which are a monkey, a macaw, an ant-eater, a lizard, and an alligator.

Conjuring.

In a very old copy of a work now extant on necromancy, is the following quaint passage:—*Question*: How to raise a devil?—*Answer*: Contradict your wyffe.

An Accident Anticipated.

Amidst the evolutions of the Glasgow Volunteers one morning on the Green, an officer was thrown from his horse. Being immediately surrounded by a crowd of sympathizing friends, who eagerly inquired if he was hurt, he very quickly allayed their anxiety by crying, "Oh, never mind; I was coming off at any rate!"

The Justice and the Parson.

A justice of the peace, seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between Highgate and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him: "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor," said he, "you do not follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass."—"Why, really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to do it."

The Young Woman's Consolation.

A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their Catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this—"What is thy only consolation in life and death?" A young girl to whom the pastor put this question laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she, at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker that lives in the Rue Agneaux."

Ingenious Substitution.

A compositor on the *Derby Mercury* acquired the name of Big Murphy during his life, from a blunder he committed which escaped correction. Being incorrigibly addicted, where he did not well know the meaning of a hard word, to substitute one which he did know that came nearest it in appearance—in composing an article which named a projected meeting of the great potentates of the Continent, he announced an assemblage of all the Great Potatoes of Europe.

Candid.

A tailor sent his bill to a lawyer for money. The lawyer bid the boy tell his master he was not running away, but very busy at the time. The boy came again and told him he must needs have the money. "Did you tell your master," said the lawyer, "that I was not running away?"—"Oh yes, sir," answered the boy, "but he bade me give his compliments, and tell you that he was."

A Bore,

Meeting Douglas Jerrold, said, "Well, what's going on to-day?"—Jerrold said, darting past the inquirer, "I am."

A Conscript,

Being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground, that he never did like sweet things.

No Admittance.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A Little Girl;

Four years old, was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who told falsehoods, she innocently replied that they were "sent to bed."

A Clergyman

Told an Indian that he should love his enemies. "Me do love 'em," replied the latter. "What enemies do you love most?"—"Rum and cider."

A Fact.

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite," when, after a pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done, I'm tight."

Plain Speaking.

A negro minister once observed to his hearers, at the close of a sermon, as follows:—"My obstinacious brethren, I find it's no more use to preach to you than it is for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

The Weak Point.

"Your charity, dear lady," said a beggar, accosting a female. "I have no small change," she replied. "Then, charming madam, allow me to kiss your beautiful lily hand." "No; there's half-a-crown for you."

Proof Positive.

"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Saftung, is very fond of kissing." "Mind your seam, Julia. Who told you such nonsense?"—"Ma, I had it from his own lips."

• Soft Sawder.

"My love," said Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with twenty dollars to-day, to purchase a new dress." "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes, you called me a bear yesterday!" "Law, love! that was nothing; I meant by it you were fond of hugging." "You are a saucy little puss, (sound heard like the explosion of a pistol;) but here's a fifty."

A Common Want.

An American paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing."

A Day in the Country.

Affectionate father: "Now, then, my boys, I've brought you out to enjoy yourselves; and if you don't enjoy yourselves in less than no time, you'll catch it,—that's all."

Paddyism.

"Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him,—*"faith, but I am regularly locked in!"* "In," said his companion, *"in where?"*—"Why, *in the street.*"

Illness

Travels very leisurely, and therefore poverty soon overtakes her.

A Difference.

"Pat," said an Irishman, "what have you got for dinner?"—"Beef and pratees," was the answer. "Just the same as me, barrin' the beef."

A Grave Query.

Jessie: "But, mamma, if every body is going to be buried, who'll put away the spades and things?"

That's the Ticket.

Fierce ticket collector, (to nervous little gent., who has worried his ticket into shreds:) "Call that a ticket! Well, we'll get the Company to provide you with a rag-doll next time you travel by this line."

The Popular Air.

Musical genius, (sings:) "I would I were a bird."
Unmusical Ditto: "Which you was,—a reg'lar howl!"

Grateful.

A young bachelor, who was courting a young lady named Anna, said that he was not only going to Havre, but also to Havanna (have Anna.)

The Meteors.

Policeman X. O. says, that while on his beat on the 14th of November, he saw an area light very distinctly. It smelt to him very like cold meat.

A Buffet.

Snob: "You look out of temper this morning, my dear!" *Young person*: "Oh, bother! I can't be expected to spoon with every stupid that comes here!"

It Wont Wash.

English Commercial: "I'm going to wash the dust out of my throat. Will you accompany me?"—*French Commercial*, (who thinks he is invited to perform his ablutions:) "Eh, vat? no sare, I vill not."

Sold Again.

Outside passenger: "Sad thing sir, to think slavery is revived in England!" *Stiggins*: "How so, sir? where? pray inform me!" *Outside passenger*: "Well you see, sir, people are sold every day at public auctions."

Mental Arithmetic.

Sister: "Look here, Charlie,—supposing you had twenty sugar plums, and you wanted to divide them into four parts. You give five to baby, and five to Carrie,—now what would you do with the other ten?"—*Sweet child*: "Suck 'em."

Popular Preaching.

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington.—"Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church, and hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel."

Considerate.

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

Something to be Proud of.

Broom: "Ah, you dunno wot I've got!"—*Basket*:
"No! wot is it?"—*Broom*: "The toothache."

Ready Reply.

A gentleman, travelling in Ireland, said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered—"An' it's time I'd parted with 'em, when I'd nothing for 'em to do."

Smart Youth.

"Pa, ain't I growing tall?"—"Why, what's your height, sonny?"—"Seven feet, lacking a yard!" Pa fainted.

Addition and Subtraction.

In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country house, there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not to pluck the flowers without leave." Some wag got a paint brush and added an "s" to the last word.

A Quaker's Advice.

"Don't scold a woman, lest she should scold better than thee."

A Scotch "Bull" for Dean Ramsay.

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family residing for the summer season in a village not many miles from Brechin. "Weel, weel, sir," replied a woman apparently well acquainted with the capabilities of the district, "ye maun gie yer orders aforehand, as our butcher only kills half a beast at a time!"

Awkward Candour.

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sidling about the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandmamma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting that gentleman see it; for papa wants him to think that he is out."

Catch the Thief.

A wag observing a fellow to steal a fish, and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, halloed to the purloiner to wear in future a longer jacket, or to steal shorter fish.

Green.

Joe Smith went into a chandler's shop, and was served with a pound of candles. "Aren't they dear?" he said. —"They'll be dearer still," says the shopkeeper, "if the Turks and Russians go to war." "What!" says old Joe, "are they going to fight by candlelight?"

Consolation.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river,—“You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear.”

The Sea at Ebb.

At a fancy dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. “The sea, monsieur,” she replied. “It must be at low tide, then, madame,” said he.

A Nobleman,

Who was a great amateur painter, showed one of his performances to Turner. The great artist remarked: “My lord, you want nothing but poverty to become a very excellent painter.”

An Irish Painter

Declares, that, among other portraits, he has a representation of “Death as large as life.”

The Farmer and Pat.

“Na, na, I'll hae nae mair Irishmen,” said a Lothian farmer to a Hibernian applicant for work; “the last twa that I had dee't on my han', and I had to bury them at my ain expense.”—“Och, sur! there's no fears o' me; shure I can get a surtiffikit from the houle of me masters that I didn't die wid none o' them.”

A Hint to Lovers.

Tell not your secrets in a corn-field ; it has thousands of ears.

Military Definition of a Kiss.

A report at head-quarters.

A Lady

Of distinguished rank, wishing to consult a celebrated physician in Grosvenor Street, called with her daughter. The servant took in her card, and returned overpowered with politeness, begging her "ladyship would follow him to the *insulting* room."

A Vendor of Hoops

Was recently extolling his wares in the presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the vendor. "Well, of course not," drily remarked the husband, who was something of a wag ; "she should be within them."

"I'm Losing Flesh,"

As the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

Tempting Occupation.

An individual at Ascot was staggering about the course, with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said an acquaintance whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is—hic—a lot of my friends have been betting champagne on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

A Blunt Boy.

A lady of somewhat dignified demeanour, having lost her way, said to an urchin in the street, "Boy, I want to go to Dover Street." "Well, marm," replied the boy, coolly walking on, "why don't you go then?"

Assistance Wanted.

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement. "Why—ay—yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father!"

Ready Reply.

A conceited coxcomb called out to an Irish labourer, "Here, you bog-trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of Irish whisky."—"By my word," said Pat, "an yer honour's a gentleman."

Economy.

At a shop window in the Strand, appeared the following notice:—"Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

Taking Care of No. 1.

A young gentleman recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided an orange amongst them. "You will rob yourself!" exclaimed one of the damsels.—"Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket."

A Good Gun.

A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend.—"Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

Not in Them.

The engineer of an ocean steamer—a North Briton, on being asked lately why it was that the chief engineer of almost all the fine steamers afloat were Scotchmen, answered, "Weel, ye see, the Erish are just quite oot o' the question; and, as for the English, somehow or ither it's no in them."

Crackit and Empty Heads.

One Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason of that?" asked his worthy crony.—"No." "I'll tell you—it's because it's empty."—"And have ye never a ringing in your head?"—"No, never." "And do you ken the reason?—it's because it's crackit."

Pitching into Them.

"Fellow-sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there were a hundred sovereigns up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as *you never did see*."

A Disappointed Old Bachelor

Says: "It makes little difference whether a man commits suicide or matrimony. In one case he loses his life, and in the other his influence."

Change.

A lady who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."—"Yes," said the husband with a sigh, "but it's *very long since*."

National Contrast.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows:—An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

A Mathematician

Being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?"—replied, "Jump into the scales and I will tell you immediately."

Complimentary.

A lover, writing to his sweetheart, says, "Honey would blush in your presence, and treacle stand appalled."

A Goose has many Quills,

But a man can make a goose of himself with only one quill.

Sound Sleepers.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*."

A Desperate Flirt for his Age.

Charlie: "I only wish you girls weren't my sisters."
Sis.: "Why, *Charlie*?"—*Charlie*: "Oh, wouldn't I just flirt with you, that's all."

Remedy.

A poor man that had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy? replied, "No, I aint taken any remedy; but I've taken lots of physic."

Some Girls

Seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

Valuable Invention.

It is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light, that a pound of it only weighs eight ounces.

A Sleepy Fellow

Was reprov'd for lying in bed so late in the morning; when he replied that he was obliged to do it to invent excuses for not getting up.

A Young Lady

In Louisville, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely comments,— "She avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

A Man

Was walking quickly down the street the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a train of thought, and thrown into the gutter.

A Knowing One,

On being asked by a friend to lend him a guinea, answered briskly,— "With pleasure!" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate, I've only one lending sovereign, and it is out."

A Canter

Will give you a ruddy cheek,—a decanter a ruddy nose.

“Did you ever see Forti?”

Asked a city magnate of a lady from the country at the opera the other night.—“See forty!” exclaimed madam with an undescribable air, “I am not thirty-five yet.”

What the Ladies Think.

“Why, Lillie, what beautiful curls! are they your own?”—“Certainly, my dear, I bought them only last week.”

Not Polite.

“Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you’ll lend him the model of your hat?”—“Certainly, my son, what for?”—“He wants to make a scarecrow.”

Hint to Housemaids.

How to dislodge flies—Encourage spiders.

A Good Story

Is told of a hackman who was engaged to convey two Englishmen to the environs of Boston, including, of course, Bunker hill. After going up and inspecting the Monument, the Englishmen returned to the hack, where the driver was quietly waiting for them. “I say, driver,” says one of the Englishmen, “this is the place where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a dem’d threshing about eighty years since.” “Well,” says the driver, “don’t know as I ever heard tell about that; but who owns the land now?”

Dean Swift,

While resident in a village where he had a living, was frequently shaved by a barber to whom he became much attached. The barber one day told Swift that he had taken a public-house, which he intended to carry on in conjunction with his trade as barber, and respectfully requested the Dean to write him a line or two to put on his sign-board. The Dean took up his pen and wrote this couplet,—

“Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where naught excels the shaving but the beer.”

A Gentleman,

Praising the personal charms of a very plain woman in the presence of Foote, the latter said, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" exclaimed the gentleman.—"Every right, by the law of nations," replied Foote; "every right as the first discoverer."

Practical Text.

Farmer B—— was sitting in a country church. He had been working hard in the harvest field; hands were scarce, and farmer B—— was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length the good man closed the lids of the Bible, and concluded as follows:—"Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plenteous and the labourers are few."—"Yes," exclaimed farmer B——, "I've offered four shillings a-day for reapers, and can't get them at that."

A Person,

More ingenious than scrupulous, paid an account by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the end of that period, the owner found it was drawn, payable two months after death, instead of after date.

"Accused,"

Said the president of a French court to an assassin who had murdered his mother and his mother-in-law, "have you anything to say in your defence?"—"Yes, sir. It is the first time that such a circumstance has happened to me."

It is a Remarkable Fact,

That however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few are enabled to decline matrimony.

A Gentleman

Said a few days ago to a friend, "Let's go to-night to see the girls at the opera." His more gallant friend replied, "Would it not be better to say, Let's go and see beauty in tiers?"

Going Fast.

A gentleman meeting another in the street who was consumptive, accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk slowly."—"Yes," replied the man; "but I'm going fast."

Suspension.

"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to the hangman, who was adjusting the noose around his neck. "Oh, never mind this one," replied the hangman, "it will soon suspend its operation."

Good.

A great physician gives it as his opinion that the brain is not injured by intemperate drinking, as is generally supposed; "for," he adds, "a man given to intemperance in that way cannot have any brains."

To the Point.

A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, "You have all heard of a man drowning—how does that happen?" The ready answer was, "'Cause he can't swim."

A Long Sermon.

"Well, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one lady of another, as they came out of church.—"Finished!" was the reply; "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

Help Yourselves.

An officer in the army of Henry IV. of France who commanded a regiment very badly clothed, seeing a party of the enemy advancing who appeared newly equipped, said to the soldiers, "There, my brave fellows, go and clothe yourselves."

Wanted.

A rafter from the roof of the mouth; a sucker from the root of the tongue; a sling for the drum of the ear; a fin for the sole of the foot; a leaf from the palm of the hand; a jewel from the crown of the head; a tassel from the cap of the knee; a rail from the bridge of the nose; some thread from a three-handed reel; and an anodyne for a window pane.

A Miss as Good as a Mile.

It was towards the close of the battle, (Inkermann,) and Lord Raglan was returning from taking leave of General Strangeways, and was going up towards the ridge. A sergeant approached, carrying canteens of water for the wounded; and as Lord Raglan passed he drew himself up to make the usual salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage-cap off his head. The man calmly picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and then made the military salute, and all without moving a muscle of his countenance. Lord Raglan was delighted with the man's coolness, and said to him, "A neat thing that, my man!" "Yes, my lord," replied the sergeant with another salute, "but a miss is as good as a mile."

What Next?

Mistress: "For goodness gracious sake, Martha, go and take that ridiculous thing off, do!"—*Martha*: ("which I were well aware it were my new bonnet she were eluding to:") "Well, there, mum, I declare, mum, I give my milliner horders to make it precisely similar to yourn, mum!"

Advice not Needed.

A grand jury in America ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing chickens; but before discharging him from custody, the judge called up the accused and said to him,—“You may go now, John; but let me warn you never to appear here again.” John replied with a broad grin, “I wouldn’t been here dis time, Judge, only de constable fetch me.”

Good out of Evil.

The registrar of one of the Irish criminal courts complained to Lord Norbury that the witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. “Never mind,” said his lordship; “if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny can do them mischief.”

Woman's Destiny.

To make fools of men.

To Marriageable Bachelors.

"Beware of the paint."

A Trio.

Two brothers, the one a poet, the other a musician, having spoken for some time in the presence of Boileau in praise of each other's talents, he asked, "Which of you is the poet?" "It is my brother who makes the verses," replied the musician, "and it is I who sing them." "Ah!" said Boileau, "and it is I who hiss them."

Kemble and Matthews.

When Kemble retired from the stage he distributed his costume of *Coriolanus* amongst his brethren. To Matthews he gave his sandals; upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, for I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."

Very Lamentable.

A French writer says, there was once, in the environs of Rouen, a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

Polite to the Last.

It is recorded of an American gentleman, famed for his excessive politeness, that he was making a trip on the Mississippi when the boat sank. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will please excuse me," and down he went.

Everything in the Intention.

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East in the summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started, and exclaimed: "Begone, sir; don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her. "Well, if you didn't," she replied, archly, "you may do it again."

How to find the Cab Fare to any Part of London.

Ask the cabman how much he wants, and give him half the amount.

Sometimes One and Sometimes the Other.

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro, named Harry, who used to be loafing about the premises. One day, in a merry mood, Biddle said to the darkey, "Well, what is your name, my old friend?"—"Harry, sir—ole Harry," said the other, touching his seedy hat. "Old Harry," said Biddle; "why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"—"Yes, sir," said the coloured gentleman; "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

A Witty Weaver.

A journeyman weaver took to his employer a piece of cloth he had just finished. Upon examination, two holes about half an inch apart were found, for which a fine of two shillings was demanded. "Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?" asked the workman.—"Yes," replied the master, "a shilling for every hole, big or little." Whereupon the workman immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming, "That'll save a shilling anyhow." His employer was so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the whole fine at once.

Wish for January.

Paterfamilias: "Ah! Dr. Triplex, well met. I wish you'd give my little people a look in. Headache, no appetite, and all that sort of thing." *Dr. Triplex*: "I'll look round. I suppose you have been idiot enough to let 'em keep Twelfth Day." *Paterfamilias*: "I wish there was no Twelfth Day." (*Growling.*)

Wish for February.

Materfamilias: "Matilda, what letter is that you are hiding?"—*Matilda*: "It isn't a letter, Mamma." *Materfamilias*: "Give it me, Miss. How dare you receive such a thing? Why, it's a Valentine. I am ashamed of you Miss."—*Matilda*: "I wish there was no Valentine's Day." (*Crying.*)

Wish for March.

Landlord: "I hope I see you well, Mr. Dawdle."
Tenant: "You see nothing of the kind, Mr. Screw."

Landlord: "Sorry to hear it, sir. Drawn out that little cheque for me, sir? This is the twenty-fifth, you know. Sorry to trouble you, sir." *Tenant*: "I wish there was no Lady Day." (*Scowling.*)

Wish for April.

Little Boy: "Sir, sir, if you please, sir. There's something out of your pocket." *Passenger*: "Eh, my lad, what is it?" *Little Boy*: "Your hand, sir." *Passenger* (*promptly*): "Yes, sir, as you shall feel." (*Boxes his ears.*) *Little Boy*: "I wish there was no April Fool Day." (*Howling.*)

Wish for May.

Model Husband: "I—hic—hic—asshu—you, my love, hic, that I was—was hindered from comin home—hic—by import—tant clients." *Amiable Wife*: "Very likely, sir; and are these your clients stuck all round your hat? Dolls, as I'm an honest woman."—*Model Husband*: "They're—they're—hic—my love—memo-randums." *Amiable Wife*: "I wish there was no Derby Day." (*Sulking.*)

Wish for June.

Mistress: "Sarah! At last! Provide yourself by this day month." *Sarah*: "It ain't late, M'm; and please, M'm, my cousin—" *Mistress*: "Don't answer me, and don't dare to speak to me of your cousin. You were to be home by nine, and it is half-past eleven; wicked, rude, ungrateful girl. Go to bed." *Sarah*: "I wish there was no Whit-Monday." (*Blubbing.*)

Wish for July.

Schoolboy: "It don't rain, Ma, at least not much. You might let a fellow go out." *Ma*: "Charles, I will not hear of it, and your pertinacity is disrespectful to a parent. It rains fast, and your new clothes will be entirely spoiled." *Schoolboy*: "No, they won't, Ma." *Ma*: "I repeat that they will, Charles. Don't look black at the weather. We have always rain at this time." *Schoolboy*: "I wish there was no St. Swithin's Day." (*Scratching paint off somewhere.*)

Wish for August.

The Sovereign: "I am sure, my dear Lord Palmerston, that I am glad to release you from your labours." *Lord Palmerston*: "Permit me to beg, your Majesty, that you will not call them so. Some of the older men feel them, but as for me—" *The Sovereign*: "Well, well, but we must not spur a willing horse. I am very happy to think the holidays begin." *Lord Palmerston*: "I wish there was no Prorogation Day." (*Bowing.*)

Wish for September.

Young Goose: "Sss—sss—sss—sss!" *Old Goose*: "Hold your bill, you young fool, you are only attracting notice. I said so. Farmer Piggins has his eye on you. I'm tough and safe, but ain't *you* going to London?" *Young Goose*: "Me—oh—wh—what d'ye mean?" *Old Goose*: "To-morrow's the twenty-ninth September, my child." *Young Goose*: "I wish there was no Michaelmas Day." (*Struggling.*)

Wish for October.

Elegant Stranger: "Don't name it, M'm. Allow me to help you over the crossing. These London omnibuses are very reckless, and Pickford's van-men are all ruffians." *Old Lady*: "I am sure you are very polite, sir. I am very much obliged to you, sir." *Elegant Stranger*: "The obligation is on my side, M'm. Good morning." (*Dives down Court.*) *Old Lady (hand in pocket)*: "O! O Lor! O, I'm robbed, I'm pocketpicketed, I'm swindled!" *General Public*: "What's the matter, old girl?" *Old Lady*: "I wish there was no Dividend Day." (*Quivering.*)

Wish for November.

Mrs. Lovechild: "Henry, dear, I wish you'd run up to the nursery. I think I smell smoke." *Mr. Lovechild*: "Pooh, nonsense, you're always fancying something." *Enter Jane*: "Oh, if you please, M'm—Oh, if you please, sir, Master Reginald has set hisself and all the beds a-fire with that gunpowder as he got out of the Roming candles master didn't let off." *Mr. Lovechild*: "I wish there was no Guy Faux Day." (*Swearing.*)

Wish for December.

Mr. Bachelor Huncle: "A happy Christmas to you, niece, and to your family." *Mrs. Married Niece*: "Thanks, dear uncle; but we won't be lumped together like that. Here, come in all of you, kiss your dear uncle, and I dare say he'll show that he remembers you. Come in Ellen, Jemima, George, Walter, Maria, Toddles, Tiddle, and here Baby Blobby, come and kiss uncle. There, another kiss from baby, because that was a sad slobber—there, uncle, wasn't that nice?"—*Mr. B. H.*: "I wish there was no Christmas Day." (*Wiping his mouth and feeling in his pocket.*)

A Half-Measure.

SCENE.—*Church.* TIME.—*Litany.*

Master Tom (who has been promised a penny if he is good during service): "I say, Ma,—is it half over yet?"—*Mamma*: "Yes, dear!" *Master Tom*: "Then give us a halfpenny!"

Amiable Conversation.

Wife: "If you go on in this way, Mr. Jones, I'll sue for a separation, that I will!" *Husband*: "Have a care, Madam, for Divorce is a game that two can play at!"

Beauty Unsatisfied.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was present in Paris at a collection in aid of the funds of an hospital. The plate was held to his Majesty by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his *louis d'or*, he whispered,— "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtsied and presented the plate again to him. "What," said the emperor, "more!"—"Yes, sir," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

Acres and Wise-acres.

A wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, once remarked to Curran, that "No one should be admitted to the Bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a wise-acre?"

Dangerously Well.

Lord Byron, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes, "Lady —— has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

A Good Start.

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth £200,000, he observed, "Well, that's a pretty sum to begin the next world with."

Extreme Politeness.

Pickpocket to Policeman: "I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked if you don't take care."

The Language of Flowers.

Boy: "I say, Uncle, do flowers talk?"—*Wicked Uncle*: "Yes, my dear, they talk with *tulips*."

The Child the Mother of the Woman.

Said little Minnie to her admiring mamma, "I don't care how foolish I am, Ma, so long as I am pretty."

Highland Laddie.

(ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.)

Canny Scotchman visiting London for the first time.

Oh, where! and oh, where! is that wily Cabby gone? He's gone to get some change, and I hope he won't be long.
And it's "Owe!" for to part with my money I was wrong.

Which is the Way to the Bank?

"What is the meaning of that, Papa?" said an inquiring youngster to his Papa, who was busy crossing a cheque. "That, my dear, is a crossing that leads to the Bank."

Inconsistency of Mankind.

"Men," said a merry old lady, "when I was young, called me an enchantress; and now they say I am as ugly as a witch, when I have lost my charms. Ah, drat 'em!"

Ice in the Glass.

A countryman took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

Helping the Minister.

A most amusing instance of speaking out in church occurred some years ago in the church of —. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute His holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of His beloved prophet among the teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea-lion, or a sea-horse, or a sea-dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripther beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit-stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken."—"Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are," cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

A Wicked Suggestion.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, told the landlady—"I assure you, ma'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, with a very inquiring look, "I hope it was not, sir, that you went away *without paying?*"

Breaking One's Heart.

An old maid who confesses to thirty-five, says: "She doesn't believe—not a bit of it—in the nonsense that men talk about breaking their hearts! It's her firm belief there never was a man yet who broke his heart—or if there was, that he broke it as a lobster breaks one of his claws, another one shooting up very quickly in its place."

Scottish Pride and English Pay.

Two English gentlemen some time ago visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the total defeat of the English army by Robert the Bruce, with an army of Scottish heroes, not one-fourth their number. A sensible countryman pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly satisfied with his attention, the gentlemen, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece.—"Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money, "keep your crown-piece, the English hae *paid dear enough already* for seeing the field o' Bannockburn."

Hard-Headed.

A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an iron leg, "which," said Curran, "is the *softest* part about him."

Not Quite Murdered.

Curran was walking one day with a friend, who, hearing a person say curoosity for curiosity, exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only *knocked an i out!*"

A Distinguished Lord.

A jockey lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the peer, "what brings you here among so many cattle? Do you think now you can tell a horse from an ass?"—"My Lord," replied the tutor, "I distinguished *you* among the horses."

Whose?

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

Melancholy Tales.

In a book just published there is an anecdote of Balzac, which I do not remember to have seen before. A friend visiting him one day saw lying on his table a roll of manuscripts bearing in large letters the inscription—"Melancholy Tales." "Dear me!" said the friend, "I never heard that you had written or had contemplated writing, anything under such a title." "Look at the papers," said the romancer. They were the bills of his butcher, baker, and grocer!

"The Best He Could Do."

A contemporary says: We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt items; and after being away all day, returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do:—"Yesterday we saw a sight that froze our muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down College Street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heartrending catastrophes ever recorded, had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a drug store just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and turning about drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful occurrence of favourable circumstances, a doting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expense." The new reporter will be retained.—*Boston Advertiser, August 28.*

Severe.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

A Military Criticism.

Chalmers used abundant action in his early days as a preacher. Once at Kilmany, on a Sunday after sermon, a tenant farmer, who was a trooper in the yeomanry, remarked to a neighbour while quitting the church, "Eh, wasna the minister grawnd the day? It was as guid as a dreeling i' the swird exerceese."

The Good Time Coming.

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

Not Worth Taking Away.

Some person whom Quin had offended, one day met him in the street, and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," he said, "I—I—I understand you have been taking away my name." "What have I said, sir?"—"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir." "Oh, then keep your name, sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

A Forcible Analogy.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, "that those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," retorted the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

A Lamb's Fry Better than Nothing.

A comical old fellow, who loved to be saving, having been to purchase a lamb's fry, on his return met an acquaintance, who accosted him with, "Ah, Mr. Gripe-^{em}, what you've been to purchase some provision?"—"Yes," said the old man; "a nice lamb's fry for my supper." "Ah," said the other, "nothing is better for supper than lamb's fry."—"I beg your pardon," retorted the old gentleman, "but I think lamb's fry is better than nothing."

The Workings of Providence.

A Huddersfield clothier had a queer idea of the working of Divine Providence. On the death of a royal prince everybody went into mourning, and consequently there sprang up a great demand for black cloth. "John," said the old man, with pious unction, to his son, "I have always noticed that when we get heavily into stock in black unions, Providence makes a way for us to sell out. The prince died just in the nick of time."

Scottish Atmosphere.

An English gentleman on a tour through Scotland was unfortunately accompanied by wet weather most of the time. When he set out from Glasgow to Greenock, the morning was very fine. However, before he had proceeded half way, he was overtaken by a heavy shower. "Boy," said he to a little fellow herding near the roadside, "does it always rain in this country?"—"Na, na," replied the boy, "it sometimes snaws."

A Negro's Idea of how to go to Heaven.

A teacher of the freedmen in one of the Southern States relates a little incident which carries a great lesson in it. She was one day sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading wood into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirks: the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said, "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?"—"Yes." "Then take hold and lift."

A Hint to Printers.

A printer, not long since, having been "flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office to commit suicide with the "shooting stick." The thing wouldn't go off. The "devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to go into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He says that picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

An Epitaph.

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster is the following epitaph:—"Erected to the memory of John Philips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

An Uncommon Preacher.

The following notice indicates a bad spell as well as a hot spell: *Notiss*.—This ere plais is klosed fur repairs, onto the preacher. His voise is gin euot, and we've sent him to Saratogy to recooper it, onter full way. Sinners under konvicshun is respectfully requested to ajourn to Saratogy, eff they haz the stamps. Eff not, to hold their hosses till the fall term. Eff they konklude to die in the meantime, euor preacher will maik it awl rite with 'em in the nex world.

A Heavy Can.

A gentleman pretty well "served up," met a friend, who said to him, "How is this? I thought you had quit getting tight."—"So I have," replied Joe, speaking with a very thick tongue; "'v' onl' had twe'v 'rinks 'ince Christmas." "How can that be?" queried his friend; "you're drunk now."—"Drank 'em all th's mornin'," explained Joe.

A Mean Man.

Abel Perkins, of S——, had a spite against Squire B——, of the same town. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the squire was a mean man. "Mean," said Abel; "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat."

Resignation.

Deacon Crab, in his last hours, was visited by one of his neighbours, who said, "Well, deacon, I hope you feel resigned in going?"—"Yes, I—I—th—think I—I—am—m resigned." "Well," said the neighbour, "I thought it might be a consolation to you to know that most of those who know you are resigned also."

A Loud Grunter.

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

The following is a textual copy of a letter lately received by a clergyman in Pittsburg, through the post office:—"Riverent sir, I forbid the Banns of Marriage between Edwoord Bluitt and Mary Ann Howell, the reason is he is under age, and she Have got a husband alive, and she went away from him; He is in Carralino, and she is with her Unkell, so you cannot marry them, sir, and Dursent."

Catch Him.

An American advertisement reads as follows:—"Stolen, a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he can steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

Matrimony.

An American editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says, the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not very pleasing.

Too Much.

In the hearing of a case for assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at.—"Four glasses of ale." "Next?"—"One glass of brandy." "Next?"—"A fight."

Smart Reply.

"Boy, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster.—"Yes, sir." "Well, what do you think I ought to do to you?"—"Why, let me off."

No Compliment to No. 2.

One of our Methodist brethren was lately giving, in a religious meeting, the experiences of himself and family, saying, among other things, that his first wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a very happy frame of mind; and he should be rejoiced if his present partner would go just the same way.

What does He Mean?

"Miss Smith, I wish to speak to you in private. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Miss Smith (who wasn't at all frightened)—"Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

A Clever Defence.

A countryman, at Bury Assizes, was indicted and arraigned for stealing a goose; but the accusation was false, for he brought a neighbour of his, who swore positively that he remembered that very goose in his possession ever since it was a gosling. An Irishman, who was prisoner for stealing a gun, hearing this successful defence, prevailed on one of his countrymen to swear that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a pistol.

Irish Watchman.

A short time since an honest Hibernian was appointed guardian of the night in the environs of London, but was shortly brought before the sitting magistrate, charged with neglecting his duties. Pat being questioned as to the cause of absence from his station, gravely replied, "Plase your honour, they set me to watch, and I watched and waited a long time, plase your honour; but nobody came, so I thought I'd go home to bed."

A Free Translation.

A sporting Somersetshire farmer, who had been welcomed one morning at the mansion, stalked up to the fire-place, over which he observed the well-known motto, *Pro aris et focis* (for our altars and hearths). "Ah! squire," exclaimed he, "I see you be all for the 'ares and foxes up there too!'"

Quid pro Quo.

A lady having accidentally broken a smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked."

The Wrong End Foremost.

A man having fallen into a slough, his friends called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?"—"Up to his ankles," was the answer. "Then there is plenty of time," said the other.—"No, there's not," rejoined the first; "for he's in head first."

A Green "Boots."

A country lad, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" asked his master.—"I really don't know, sir," replied the boy; "but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs is just like 'em."

The Gallant Butcher.

In a butcher's shop, a lady, pointing to a joint of veal, said, "I think this veal is not quite so white as it might be." "Put on your gloves, madam," replied the butcher, "and you will think differently." The veal was ordered home without another word of objection.

"Setting a Watch."

A lady was much alarmed at the announcement that an attempt had been made to enter her dwelling by burglars. She told Bridget that she "must set a watch for the rogues." Bridget, not understanding the meaning of the order, replied that it should be done. The next day the lady, missing her fine gold lever from its accustomed place, inquired of Bridget concerning its whereabouts. "Shure," she replied, "an' didn't your ladyship tell me last evening to set a watch for the thafe; and shure I did, ma'am, an' didn't he come an' take it away wid him, shure." The lady sighed, and thought with regret of her watch.

Penny Wise.

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance.—"No; Mr. Pence," she replied. "Ah," said he, "you have done better than I thought."

Litting it Out.

"How many years have you been dumb?" said a gentleman to an Irish beggar.—"Five years last St. John's Eve, please your honour," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

A Disguise.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked.—"Because they cannot see your ears."

Cure for Scandal.

Take of good nature, one ounce; of an herb commonly called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce. Mix this with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Simmer them together in a vessel called "circumspection for a time;" and it will be fit for use. Application—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are with a female kind of animal called a "gossip." When you feel an attack coming on, take a teaspoonful of the above, hold it in your mouth, and keep it shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Keep a phial full about you; and on feeling the slightest symptoms, repeat the dose.

A Cure for Love.

Take a grain of sense, $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain of prudence, a dram of understanding, 1 ounce of patience, 1 lb. of resolution, fold them up in the alembic of your brains for twenty-four hours. Then set them on a slow fire of hatred; cleanse them with the dregs of melancholies; sweeten them with the sugar of forgetfulness; put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with a cork of sound judgment; let them stand fourteen days in the water of cold affection; this rightly made and properly applied is the most effectual cure in the universe, and never known to fail. *N.B.*—You may have the ingredients at the House of Understanding in Constant Street, by going up the Hill of Self-Denial, in the Town of Forgetfulness, in the County of Love.

Taken Aback.

"I am astonished, my dear Miss Rosa, at your sentiments; you make me start."—"Well, sir, I've been wanting to make you start for the last half hour." "Yes," said little Mary, "for James is coming to-night." Who James was, did not appear; but Rosa blushed.

The Bachelor's Wishes.

One—female companion to soften my cares;
 Two—thousand a-year to support my affairs;
 Three—dogs and a gun when to sport I incline;
 Four—horses and chaise to indulge me and mine;
 Five—lively companions with whom to make merry;
 Six—dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry;
 Seven—beds in my house for my friends at their leisure;
 Eight—some things or other to add to their pleasure;
 Nine—pounds in my pocket when cash I require;
 Ten—favours are all that on earth I desire;
 And a conscience at rest when to bed I retire.

Rural Ignorance.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

Business in New York.

A Dutchman describes New York as "berry fine people, who go about the streets scheating each oder, and dey call that pizziness."

Bad for the Dogs.

"My dear Nicholas," said Lord Strangford one morning to Sir Harris Nicholas, "my brains are going to the dogs." "Poor dogs!" replied the wit.

A Queer Recommendation.

A man advertises for competent persons to sell a new medicine, and adds, that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter,
 and its mouth was gaping wide;
 the rosy wine had ebbed
 away, and left its
 crystal side; and
 the wind went
 humming, humming,
 up and down the
 sides it flew, and
 through the reed-
 like hollow neck
 the wildest notes it
 blew. I placed it in
 the window, where the
 blast was blowing free, and
 fancied that its pale mouth
 sang the queerest strains to me.
 They tell me puny conquerors, the
 Plague has slain his ten, and War his
 hundred thousands of the very best of men;
 but I ('twas thus the bottle spake), but I have
 conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so
 feared and famed of yore. Then come! ye youths and
 maidens all, come drink out of my cup! the beverage
 that dulls the brain, and burns the spirit up; that puts to
 shame the conquerors that slay their scores below, for
 this deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though
 in the tide of battle darkest waves of blood may roll, yet
 while I killed the body, I have damned the very
 soul! The Cholera, the Plague, the Sword, such
 ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on
 the innocent have brought. And still I breathe
 upon them, and they shrink before my
 breath, and year by year their thousands
 tread the dreadful road to Death!

A Bargain.

"I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

Josh Billings on Musquitoes.

Mr. Billings thus expresses himself on the musquitoes: "We were told that there wornt ennything made in vain; this is sum so, but I have thought the time spent in manufaktring musketoze must have been wasted if the musketoze warnt. How they were put together, I never could tell; and there is one commershall peculiarity about the musketeer trade, and that is, the supply also exceeds the demand, and yet the produkshion is not diminished; I kant understand this nohow. They are born of poor but industrious parents, and are brought up with care under the auspices uv some uv our best families. They have great impudence, and don't hesitate tew stick their best friends with a bad bill. They have also consummate currage. I have known a single musketeer to fite a man and his wife all nite long and draw the first blood."

Obliging.

A farmer, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord: "John, I am going to raise your rent."—John replied, "Sir, I am greatly obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

A Shy Calf.

Said Tom, "Since I have been abroad I have eaten so much veal that I am ashamed to look a calf in the face." "I s'pose, sir, then," said a wag, who was present, "you shave without a glass?"

The Poet's Advice.

It is being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool; the poet Moore, to whom this story was told, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," said one of the company, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

The Mile-Stone.

Along the road two Irish lads,
 One summer's day, were walking;
 And all the while, with laugh and grin,
 In lively strain were talking—
 About the fair, about the girls,
 And who were best at dancing;
 While at each pretty face they met,
 Their eyes were brightly glancing.
 And so they strode for many a mile,
 And grew in time quite frisky;
 As now and then, from lip to lip,
 They passed the darling whisky.
 At length, a big stone standing close,
 Not near the hedge, but on it;
 And straightway up to it they went,
 To read what was upon it.
 They read, and quickly doffed their hats,
 With sorrow on each face;
 They lightly stepped above the sod,
 And turned to leave the place.
 "Spake low, we're near the dead," cried one,
 "His grave we'll not be troublin';
 God rest his sowl! 100 and 10!
 His name is 'Miles,' from Dublin!"

A Love Letter.

ALLITERATION ARTFULLY APPLIED.

ADORED AND ANGELIC AMELIA,

Accept an ardent and artless amorist's
 affection, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and
 answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardour. Ah!
 Amelia, all appears an awful aspect; ambition, avarice,
 and arrogance, alas! are attractive allurements, and
 abase an ardent attachment; appease an aching and
 affectionate adorer's alarms, and anon acknowledge
 affianced Alfred's alliance as agreeable and acceptable.

Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative
 answer, accept an ardent admirer's aching adieu,

ALFRED.

Albany, August.

The Number Three.

When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a-day. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words: "*In Hoc Signo.*" There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were the three Graces: Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature, we have male, female, and offspring; morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground-swell. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle?—witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. And it is a common phrase, that "three is a lucky number."

Overdoing.

An old lady who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hail storm, and on viewing the wreck remarked, that she "never knew him to undertake anything without over-doing the matter."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A lawyer, quite famous for making a bill,
 And who in good living delighted,
 To dinner one day, with a hearty good will,
 Was by a rich client invited.
 But he charged 6/8 for going to dine,
 Which the client he paid, tho' no ninny;
 And in turn charged the lawyer for dinner and wine,
 One a crown, and the other a guinea.
 But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
 He who matches a lawyer has only one more.
 The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
 While the client stared at him with wonder,
 And gave to his friends with the produce a treat,
 Tho' the lawyer soon made him knock under.
 That his client sold wine, information he laid,
 Without license, and in spite of his storming.
 The client a good thumping penalty paid,
 And the lawyer got half for informing.
 But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
 He who matches a lawyer has only one more.

A Difference.

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

Logical.

A butcher let a sailor have a shoulder of mutton on trust; but finding on a day or two after that he had gone to a foreign land, said, "My word! but if I had known he never intended paying, I would have charged a penny a pound more for it."

Dear Divine Woman.

An orator holding forth in favour of "woman, dear divine woman," concluded thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife!" "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors; "a bad husband does."

Patients Beware.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?"—"No," replied the witness; "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

Severe.

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady, "do you wish to make a fool of me?"—"No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble."

Never Alone.

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like anything."—"Well," replied Bill, "I aint often much alone—I commonly have my legs and fists with me."

A New Macintosh.

"I say, Jem," said a ploughboy to his companion, "I know of a new-fashioned Macintosh to keep out the wet." "What's that?"—"Why, if you eat a red hering for breakfast, you'll be dry all day."

A Pinch for a Preacher.

"If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"—"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put in the sermon!"

Extra Plates for "Dombey and Son."

An Irish cook, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring home "Dombey and Son" with him when he returned, laid two extra plates on the supper table.

Invisible.

"Why not knock a hole in the wall, and let the light into your house?" said a traveller to a poor Irishman.—"Faith, your honour, I am not fit to be seen in it," was the reply.

Popping the Question.

"Charles," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?"—"No, love, but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested." The lady blushed, and said, of course, "For shame, Charles."

Good Retort.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son—I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father;" and accordingly off she went.

A Good Reason.

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?"—"Cause one of the sneaking dratted things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with the sticks that did all the boys' licking."

Revenge Extraordinary.

A wag having had a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his shop one day, as he was serving several good customers, with an immense dead cat, which he instantly deposited on the counter, saying, "This makes nineteen, as you're busy now we'll settle another time;" and he was off in a twinkling. The customers, aghast, soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

A Smart Wager.

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market-place. "I'll bet you a guinea," said one, "you don't know what this is for."—"Done," said the other; "it's for sale." The bet was won, and the guinea paid.

Irish Crier of the Court.

"In Cork," says O'Connel, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the Court.'"

A Hint for Lovers.

An unsuccessful inamorato was asked by what mischance he had lost his divinity?—"Alas!" said he, "I flattered her until she grew too proud to speak to me."

Recommendation.

"Be moderate in all things," as the boy said to his schoolmaster when whipping him.

Tit for Tat.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste of wearing another woman's hair on your head," said a man to his wife.—"My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

Male and Mail.

"My lad," said a lady to a newspaper boy, "are you a mail boy?"—"Yoy duzn't think I'ze a female boy, duz ye?"

Not Particular.

A drunken North countryman returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, and began to lick his mouth. Sawney roared out, "Wa's kissen me noo? ye see hoo it is to be weel likeit amang the lasses."

Not Bad for a Jarvey.

A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the side walk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachy. "Oh no," said she, "I am too heavy."—"Lord, marm," replied Jehu, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar!"

Well Provided.

A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed.—The answer was, "Nothing!" "And are you any better off?"—The reply was in the negative. "Then why do you dare to marry?"—"Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and so has Jack; by putting them together we shall both be gainers." The clergyman had no more to say.

Serious Injury.

At a crowded theatre, a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman; "I should think I am; I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

Shopping.

A lady was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocaded silk in a window. A passer-by observed that it was "Satin tempting Eve."

Cautious.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better."—"Ay, ay," returned the young man, "it's all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

Donald's Dilemma.

"Will it please the shentleman to buy this canary?" said a Highland boy, newly imported into Glasgow, while attempting to sell a canary to an English gentleman. "Is it a he one?"—"Ou, sir," hesitatingly replied young Donald, who was at a loss to know which of the sexes the gentleman would prefer, "ou, sir, she's a kind of he, and she's no very he neither!"

Coming to Want.

"I am afraid you 'll come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply: "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

Anecdote of Foote.

The Duke of Cumberland, being once in company with Foote, was so delighted with the wit of the player, that he said, "Mr. Foote, I swallow all the good things you say."—"Do you?" replied Foote; "then your Royal Highness has an excellent digestion; for you never bring any of them up again."

Triumph of Science.

"A splendid triumph of science!" said Mr. Muggins to his wife: "A Mr. Hartford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek."—"That's nothing, pa; I saw a doctor take two from our Patty's cheek the other day, and the operation did not seem to be painful either."

Lawyer's Bill.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney.—"Never mind," replied the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

Knowledge is Power.

While a worthy individual was "laying down the law," the other day, to a knot of acquaintances, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavouring to raise a sack of potatoes to his cart, and who appealed to the man of knowledge: "Come awa, Mr. —, knowledge is power, ye ken; gie us a lift on wi' this pock o' taties."

Late Hours.

"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it."—"Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

Curious Reply.

"What do you want here?" said a gentleman to an Irish beggar, whom he found upon his door step.—"Faith, your honour," was the reply, "and it isn't for want that I'm come; sure indeed, I had plenty of that at home."

Short and Tall.

A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said an old bachelor, "it is more like climbing up to it."

A Decided Argument.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will."

Polite Question Answered.

"Can I show you anything more to-day?" asked a civil gentleman, behind the counter, of his worthy customer.—"Yes," was the reply; "will you be so good as to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

A Threat.

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em, so I will."

Sarcastic.

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client.—"I did, sir." "And what did he say?"—"He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do?"—"Why, I came to you."

Philosophy.

"Aunty," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes of a' the auld moons?"—"Deed, laddie, I'm no very sure," was the tardy reply; "they'll maybe clip them doon, and make stars o' them."

Severe.

A dandy, remarking one summer day that the weather was so excessively hot, that when he put his head into a basin of water, it fairly boiled,—received for reply, "Then, sir, you had calf's-head soup at very little expense."

More Pert than Pleasant.

"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my getting weighed?"—"Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the question?"—"Only to see, love, if you would allow me to have my weigh for once."

Piggy Pie.

A gentleman, remembering with a tenacious gusto the relish of a "piggy pie," asked, immediately on a second arrival at the roadside inn, "Have you any piggy pie?"—"Looar, no, zir, our zow had 'em all alive theas ere time."

A Fair Inference.

Policeman to small boy: "Move on!"—*Small boy* (sarcastically): "Move on! Oh, yes. I suppose you think I'm loitering about the aireys to cut you out with some of your cooks? You needn't be afeared."

A Philadelphia Dodge.

The steamboat runners of Philadelphia have a system of "noseing out" passengers, as it is called. The fellow goes on board of an opposition boat and commences snuffing as though he smelt something unpleasant. "What do you smell?" some one inquires.—"Dead bodies," is the reply; "and I'll swear they've died of small-pox." He then rushes for the other boat, followed by the frightened passengers.

Smart Maid.

An Irish housemaid, boasting of her industrious habits, said she rose at four, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, *and made all the beds, before any one in the house was up.*

One at a Time.

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young bachelor, desperately in love with two country cousins. "Try one to begin with," was the remark of a surly old benedict.

Matrimonial Duet.

"I curse the hour that we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half. To which she mildly replied, "Don't, my dear, for that was the only happy hour we have ever seen."

A Fact.

Irish tourist: "Egad! this is a quare spoken parrot. Why don't ye tache it yer own purty accent?"—*English waitress:* "We can't do it, sir, he's Irish."

Catch the Mouse.

An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that, "Be jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse."—"Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

Lord Buckingham

Was once at a dinner where a Mr. Grubb was required to sing. He begged to be excused, urging that he knew not what to sing. "Sing 'I'd be a butterfly,'" suggested the nobleman.

Hard Loving.

"Charles, do you really love my daughter?"—"You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins." "How much do you love her?"—"I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simpkins said, "You may have her, bless you both."

Christian and Surname.

"Boy, what is your name?"—"Robert, sir." "Yes, that is your Christian name; but what is your other name?"—"Bob, sir."

Imposition.

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn several days, previous to his departure, desired to have a bill, which, being brought him, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having so many bottles of wine. "Please, your honour," cried Pat, "read how many they charge to my account." The gentleman began, "One bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto." "Stop, stop," cried Pat, "they're cheating you; I know I had some of their port, but I did not taste a drop of their ditto."

Duplicate.

A lady, some time ago, at the British Museum, asked if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange, for they have one at Oxford."

A Good Reason.

Squilch asked his friend why he married so little a wife?"—"Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

Very Rude.

"She's no chicken," said a coarse man, speaking of a certain lady. "And what's more, she's a goose."

A Striking Idea.

Martha Jane: "Now, Jimmy, if you do that again I'll go and tell your mother."—*Matilda Ann*: "No, that's no good—slap 'is 'ead, and let 'im tell 'is mother."

Wont Heat.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl with red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me on fire."—"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

Complimentary.

A country fellow came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking his hand, "I'll keep one of them."

Industry.

"Come, Bob, get up," said an indignant father to his hopeful son the other morning; "remember, the early bird catches the worm."—"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful, "mother won't let me go a-fishing."

Not Bad.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak gude care o' yoursel' when ye're awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena."

Naughty Boy.

Mamma: "You naughty tiresome boy, I shall have to beat you, which will be quite a punishment to me."—*Boy*: "Well, then, ma dear, let me beat you, and then I shall be punished."

Cause and Effect.

Francis: "Why, Belmore, what on earth is the matter with you? given up smoking, shaved off your beard, and leaving the club!"—*Belmore*: "Oh, got married, that's all."

Only a Mistake.

Mr. G. Ranium: "Ah, onions! that's a treat! But, bless me, what a peculiar flavour! Where did you buy them?"—*Jane*: "Didn't buy them, sir, they are out of the garden." *Mr. G. R.*: "Out of the garden? I wasn't aware I had any. Why, confound it, you stupid girl, you've been and boiled my best tulip bulbs."

A (K)naif Remark.

Cook: "Oh, and if you please, 'm, will you please order some new kitchen knives? Peas is a-comin' in, you see, 'm, and the old ones has got so sharp behind, that they cut the servants' mouths."

Well Meant.

Shoeblack (to daily customer): "Such a treat we've got to-night, sir! tea an' buns, an' speeches, at Exeter 'all! Wouldn't you like to go, sir?"—*City magnate*: "Oh, they wouldn't let me in, my boy." *Shoeblack*: "Um! (ponders) well, look here, I think I could smug yer in as my *father*."

What They Got.

Two chaps, becoming "hard up," endeavoured to "raise the wind" by stealing a cow and selling her. After driving the animal about eight miles, one of them, thinking of the money he expected soon to handle, asked his companion in crime, "Say, Bill, how much do you think we will get for this old thing?"—Bill, whose thoughts ran in a different channel, replied, "About two years and a-half!" And they did—two years and a-half in the county prison.

A Speculator.

A waggish speculator—one of a numerous family in the world—recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now, see where I am through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?"—"Why, ten thousand pounds in debt."

A Wife

Once boasted of having cut and made a shirt for her husband in one day. "Yes," replied a wag of a fellow, "and he wore it out the next."

Cheerful for the Husband.

A lady who had very recently married, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was, silly man, very angry, and said she offended common decency, when the young lady unwittingly exclaimed, "Pardon me, I did not know it was you."

A Lawyer

Got into a war of words with another member of the bar, and, knocking him down, remarked, "I'll make you behave like a gentleman, you scoundrel!"—"No, you wont!" cried the other, spitefully, "no, never! I defy you! you can't do it!"

An Exquisite,

Being asked why he married a second time, replied, because he thought it so very reviving.

A Robust Clergyman,

Meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall. Being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so very long since I have been unwell, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

Dutch Etiquette.

When a Dutch maid-servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives double pay.

A Fast Youth.

Old Lady: "Now, Arthur, which will you have,—some of this pudding, or some jam tart?"—*Juvenile*: "No pastry, thank ye, aunt. It spoils one's wine so. I don't mind a devilled biscuit, tho', by and by, with my claret." (Old lady turns all manner of colours.)

A Little Boy,

Hearing his father say that there was a time for all things, climbed up behind his mother's chair, and, whispering in her ear, asked, "When was the proper time for hooking the sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

A Grocer's Boy,

Being presented with a glass of beer by his employer, for good conduct, said, "Pray, sir, is that what they call the mead of praise?"

An Irish Tailor,

Happening to make a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman was told that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, and he had let them out at a shilling a-week.

Travelling Trunks.

When we picture the hundred and more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife, when on a journey, has only one trunk.

Watts on the Mind,

Is the best text-book in a seminary for juveniles we know of. One of the teachers, the other day, inquired of an urchin freshly admitted: "Do you know anything about Watts on the Mind?"—"What's on the mind? My sweetheart, Sally Pijikin, is always there."

Invitation to Tea.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbour, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?"—"No, ma'am, she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind,—that was all she said!"

A Pattern of Humility.

A clock is said to have the least self-esteem of any article of furniture, as it is constantly running itself down, and holding its hands before its face, however good its works.

A Beggar

Posted himself at the door of a Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only a penny before you go in!" "And why, my man?"—"Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.

A. Sharp Reason.

In the presence of a sarcastic lady, an individual was praising the wit of a man who had a very limited intellect. "Oh, yes," said the lady, "he must possess a rich fund of it, for he never spends any of it."

Measure for Measure,

As the chemist said, when he took a bad sixpence for a black draught.

The Height of Difficulty.

Sitting on the top of an omnibus on a windy morning unfolding Punch's Almanac.

Grammar.

A timid talker writes to request enlightenment on a vexed point in grammar. We are glad to be in a position to settle it. We say, "There is soup in England, but Ar-broath in Scotland."

Curious Diction.

The show window of a certain corset-maker exhibits a singular instance of illiterate diction. On a card appears the following sentence:—"All kinds of ladies stays here."

A Curiosity Wanted.

A gentleman advertizes for a horse, "for a lady of dark colour, a good trotter, and of a stylish action." The horse "must have a long tail, about fifteen hands high!"

Endless.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth that there's no end to them.

An Irish Girl

At play on Sunday, being accosted by the priest, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One,"—meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

A Curious Loan.

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover to his companion, "these sheep vont move a bit, lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

An Irishman.

Dropped a letter into the post office one day, with the following memorandum on the corner, for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might fall:—"Please hasten the delay of this."

Drink Like Men or Beasts.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or beasts?"—Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for beasts never drink more than they want."

An Irishman,

In passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you; I lost three shillings by one like you yesterday."

A Tavern Keeper,

Who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them, "He is the most regular man in Hawick; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on a Sunday. It is a grand thing to be punctual."

The Height of Industry.

We know a girl so industrious, that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

Lovers' Logic.

Edwin: "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you."—*Angelina*: "Oh, you absurd creature!"

Kiss me Quick.

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?"—"No, why do you ask?" "Why, 'cause Captain Jones caught hold of her, and said he was going to take honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste.'"

Partridge's Song in September.

"I would I weren't a bird."

Innocence.

"And did you ask any little girls to your wedding, mamma?"—"Yes, dear, several little girls." "And why didn't you ask *me*?"

Railway Fares.

Female passenger: "A ticket for Blankton, please."—*Clerk*: "A single ticket, ma'am?"—*Female passenger*: "No, no! for a married woman."

Swell: "Must I aw-take a ticket for a puppy?"—*Ticket clerk*: "No, yo can travel as an *ordinary* passenger."

Master Teddy: "Uncle, didn't you say you had a reason for everything you do?"—*Uncle*: "Yes, my boy." *Master Teddy*: "Then why do you travel third class?"—*Uncle*: "Because there's no fourth."

Literary Bacon.

The literary way of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is, "I'll thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

A Stoup.

An ingenious commentator suggests that the line, "When lovely woman stoops to folly," means when she takes a drop of something *short*.

Bar Practice.

Customer (who has been plaguing Hebe): "Stop, I'll change my mind, and have brandy and soda water. I've some work to do, so I must keep my head clear."—*Hebe* (smartly): "Oh, *your* head's clear enough." And it served him right.

A Countryman,

Who was charged with ten gallons of whisky, which the distiller put into an eight gallon keg, said he didn't mind the money overcharged so much as he did the strain on the keg.

Young England.

Mamma: "Charlie, dear, go and tell James to fetch a cab for your aunt."—*Charlie*: "All right, aunt. Will you have a 'shovel,' or a 'growler?'"

Good Example.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

An Economical Rider.

An innkeeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" asked the postilion, "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

A Carpenter

In Stokes Croft, Bristol, recently offered, in a printed handbill, "a bag of shavings" as a reward to any one who would capture his runaway apprentice.

Mysterious Colloquy.

"What are you engaged in?" said the head printer of a newspaper establishment to one of the compositors.—"In an elopement." "Stop, for I want you to take part in a murder."

Precocious Youth.

"Jack," said a farmer to his boy, who was toasting cheese, "I don't allow that."—"More fool you," said Jack. "Why?" asked his master.—"'Cause you could eat as much again if you did," was the reply of the clever boy.

An Awkward Man,

In attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now," exclaimed his wife, "we have lost our dinner."—"Oh no, my dear," answered he, "it is safe, for I have my foot on it."

Jack of All Trades.

On a signboard in Harrowgate is the following inscription:—"Hodson, umbrella-maker, town bellman, optician, dealer of tobacco, lodgings, baker."

An Ape-ology.

Mr. Gibbon: "I'm afraid you don't remember me,—had the pleasure of being introduced to you in the Monkey House at the Zoo, last Sunday."—*Satirical fair*: "I beg your pardon, really I didn't recognise you again. *There were so many there.*"

Tavern Charges at Dover.

"Waiter! how much is my glass of brandy and water?"—"The bill, sir." "What! 10/6?"—"Yes, sir, brandy's 2/, sir; never charge less." "Well."—"Sugar, 6d.; never charge less." "Go on."—"Wax lights and apartment, 5/." "Why, I've only been here five minutes."—"That's not our fault, sir; we never charge less." "Go on."—"Servants, 2/." "What!"—"Me, boots, and chambermaid; never charge less." "Well, what next?"—"The use of plate, glass, linen, 1/." "What do you mean?"—"Teaspoon, tumbler, and tablecloth; never charge less; but we makes you a present of the biling water." "Very well, there's your 10/6; and I shall write to the *Times*."—"Yes, sir—pen, ink, and paper, 1/; never charge less."

Franco-English.

A curious specimen of this occurred lately. A French gentleman entered a tavern, and, requiring a glass of brandy and water very strong, said to the waiter, "Mind you no make it *a fortnight!*"—"A fortnight!" ejaculated the waiter, "don't you want it directly, sir?"—"Yes, me was going for to take it now; but not a fortnight—not *two week!*"

"Waiter,"

Said a gentleman, arriving at a country inn, "what can I have for dinner?"—"Dinner, sir? oh! anything!" "A nice roast fowl, then."—"Well, sir, you can't have a fowl; but we can get you anything else you like to order." "A rumpsteak will do nicely."—"Really, sir, we have no steaks; but almost any other kind of meat." "Well, get me a chop, then; and make haste."—"We have no chops, I am sorry to say, sir." "No chops! why, have you got nothing in the house?"—"Oh! yes, sir, we have." "What?"—"Why, *an execution*, sir!"

Something Like a Holiday.

Pastry cook: "What have you had, sir?"—*Boy*: "I've had two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of those, and six of those, and four bath buns, a sausage roll, ten almond cakes, and a bottle of ginger beer."

Curious Announcements.

A penny theatre in the New Cut, Lambeth, the stage of which is ten yards by twelve, announces, "*Richard the Third*, performed by real horses, and a furniture van progressing at the rate of eight miles an hour, imperatively commands you to copy the address."

A placard in a window at Greenwich, announces the following mode of concocting a well-known beverage:—"Tea made with shrimps at 9d. a-head."

A Smart Youth.

A boy being praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, "that when children are so very keen, they generally become stupid as they advance in years." The lad immediately replied, "What a very keen boy you must have been!"

A Bull.

A gentleman who had been out a-shooting brought home a small bird with him; and having an Irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird?—"Yes," he told him. "Arrah! by my shoul, honey," replied the Irishman, "it was not worth powder and shot, for this little thing would have died in the fall."

Trouble Saved.

An English officer lost his leg in the battle of Vittoria. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said the master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

The Irish Answer.

"I see the villain in your face," said a western judge to an Irish prisoner.—"May't please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

Dialogue.

"Papa, one of my schoolmates says his brother wears mustachioes; what are they?"—"Mustachioes, my son, are bushes of hair worn on the lip of certain dandies, as a substitute for brains." "Well, papa, are those who wear mustachioes, what are called hair-brained people?"

Beauty in a Wife.

A young man married a wife whose only claim on his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him, at the end of one of their quarrels, "You don't love me: you can't look me in the face and say that you love me?"—"You mistake me, my dear," cried he; "for it is only when I look you in the face that I can say I love you."

Reward of Merit.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?"—"I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking regular every day, and says I merits two."

A Cool Apology.

"Oh!" said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!"—"Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right next time."

Elegance of Diction.

A commercial traveller, who was lately staying at an inn, not a hundred miles from Haverstockwest, addressed the ostler in the following manner:—"Mr. Ostler, produce my palfrey after he has put a period to his provender."

Politeness Sacrificed to Sincerity.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a wife to her husband, who had for half an hour remained with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation."—"Oh, I don't know, I've felt like a fool all day." "Well, I'm afraid," replied his lady, "you will never feel any better, for you look the very picture of what you feel."

A Matrimonial Plague.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?"—"No, I don't want to read it; it's enough to have a plague in my own house."

Medical Profits.

A sailor having purchased some medicine, demanded the price. "Why," said the doctor, "seven-and-sixpence." "Take off the odds," replied the sailor, "and I'll pay you the even."—"Well," returned the doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles." The sailor having laid down sixpence, the doctor reminded him of his mistake. "No mistake at all, sir; six is even, and seven is odd. I wish you a good day."—"Get you gone," said the doctor, "I've gained fourpence by you now!"

Never Despair.

An unmarried lady, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a young lady, her friend observed, with a deep and sentimental sigh, "Well, I suppose it is what we must all come to."

A Sickly Appetite.

"Mrs. Spriggs, will you be helped to a small bit of the turkey?"—"Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will." "What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?"—"I will have a couple of the wings, one of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling, and a few dumplings, very few, as I feel very unwell to-day." Wilkins fainted.

Useful Information.

A Scotch duchess was present at a charity school questioning. The teacher asked, "What is the wife of a king called?"—"A queen," was the answer. "Of an emperor?"—"An empress." "The wife of a duke?"—"A drake."

Very Likely.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?"—"Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till morning he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he is afeard he must give him up."

Better Dead than Alive.

A physician, who had drugged a citizen's wife, who died, to his great astonishment received a hundred guineas from the inconsolable widower. "Alas!" cried he, "what should I not have profited had I but saved the lady!"—"Be not distressed," said the citizen, "I should not have given you anything."

Bleeding a Calf.

A dandy once went to a doctor to be bled. The doctor, after some time and trouble, succeeded in drawing blood from his trembling arm: whereupon the dandy, after a little of his fear subsided, raised up his head and exclaimed, "Doctor, I think you are a great butcher."—"Aye," said the doctor, "and I have just been sticking a great calf."

Two Strings to his Bow.

A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate billet-doux to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript:—"Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

An Old Story.

A Glasgow antiquarian who recently visited Cathcart Castle, asked one of the villagers, "If he knew anything of an *old story* about the building?"—"Ah!" said the rustic, "there was another auld *storey*, but it fell down lang since!"

Never Satisfied.

Old gent.: "Good gracious me! what with orange-peel and slides, there's no peace in this life."

Irish Wit.

An Irishman, from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on his left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming, "Hould your noise, you ould woman, shtop cryin'; you make more noise about it than the man that losht his head."

A Compliment.

Washington, visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my dear, to put you to so much trouble."—"I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

An Affair of Importance.

Harriet: "Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could scarcely sleep all night."
—*Blanche*: "What is it, dear?"—*Harriet*: "Why, I don't know whether to have my new merino frock violet or dark blue!"

Amusing Trick for Little Boys.

An old lady is crossing the street, when a little boy shouts out—"Hi!" at the top of his voice. The old lady (although indeed there is no real cause for alarm) starts and becomes greatly agitated, and imagines that she is run over by an omnibus. This is an exceedingly pleasant trick.

How to Get Rid of a Gratis Patient.

"So you've taken all your stuff and don't feel any better, eh? Well, then, we must alter the treatment; you must get your head shaved; and if you will come here to-morrow morning at eleven, my pupil here will put a seton at the back of your neck."

A Good Place for Early Birds.

The city of Worms.

A Curious Fact.

A ball struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say the *bowl* immediately came out of his mouth.

Equality.

Some one was praising our public schools to Charles Landseer, and said, "All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron—he was a Harrow boy——"—"Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns—he was a plough-boy."

Paterfamilias at a Loss.

The following story is told:—"I say, Cap'n!" cried a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from a steamer at Natchez,—“I say, Cap'n, these here aren't all. I've left something on board, that's a fact.”—"Them's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow," answered the captain. "Wal, I see now; I grant its O.K. accordin' to list: four boxes, three chests, two bandboxes, and pormanty; two hams, one part-cut, three ropes of inyens, and a tea-kettle. But see, Cap'n, I'm duber-some; I feel there's somethin' short, tho' I've counted um nine times over, and never took my eyes off um while on board; there's something not right, somehow." "Wal, stranger, time's up; thems all I knows on; so just fetch your wife and five children out of the cabin, cos I'm off."—"Thems um! Darn it, thems um! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

His Own Cook.

A few years ago, a farmer, who was noted for his waggery, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of calling at on Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat washing her face in the corner. The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and, while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taken up her dinner, she discovered the addition which had been made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, as was expected, and pussy was put upon the table among other cold dishes, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of ale. After paying the bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost hers. "What!" said he, "don't you know where it is?"—"Oh, yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it!"

The Weather and the Parks.

A medical man and a barrister met in "the parks" during "the weather." Says the barrister, "I can't keep myself warm o' nights, and yet I'm always well wrapped up when I go to bed."—"Just my case," returned the doctor: "I suffer from being *rapped up* several times during the night."

Brutus Discovered.

One summer day, at a dinner party at Holland House, the guests, among whom were Sir Philip Francis and Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, were, previous to the dinner-bell, sauntering on the terrace, when the subject of the Junius secret was started. Lord Holland suggested to the bold banker that it would be an excellent opportunity to put the interrogatory flatly to the suspected author. But Francis happened to overhear the plot; and a few minutes after, as Rogers was sidling towards him, he threw himself into an attitude of defiance, and exclaimed, "By Heaven, sir, if you dare to ask me any questions, regardless of where we are, I will fell you to the ground!" The poet shrank appalled; but when playfully asked, after dinner (in the absence of Francis), if he had discovered the author, he replied, "I cannot say whether or not Francis is Junius, but he has quite convinced me that he is Brutus!"

A Wedding Visit.

The celebrated and witty Lord Littleton, and several other gentlemen, went in a boat to see the ceremony of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. They had on board with them a *laquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguey noise, explaining everything that was going on. This unfortunate cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea. The loquacious lacquey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my lord, look! look! the Doge has married the sea."—"Has he?" replied Lord Littleton, "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit;" and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet. He was taken up immediately, without having received any injury beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.

Poetry and Insurance.

The following doggrel is said to have been inscribed over the doorway of one of the early insurance offices, about the year 1777:—

"Come all you jolly Britons who love your blooming wives,
Insure large sums on your precarious lives,
So that your widows may be rich when you yourselves are rotten,
And they may live in happiness when you are quite forgotten."

A Sensitive Child.

"Mamma," said a three-year-old, one day, "I don't like my aprons to be starched so much; so much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

The Declaration.

"Faith!—Women are riddles!" I muttered one day,
As I sat by my beautiful Bess;

"It seems very queer that whatever they say,
Their meaning no mortal can guess!"

I knew that she loved me by many a sign
That served her affection to show;
But when I suggested, Will Betty be mine?
Confound her!—she answered me, "No!"

'Tis the way with the sex—so I often had heard—
And thus their assent they express;
But I couldn't but think it extremely absurd
That a "No" was the same as a "Yes!"

So I asked her again, with my heart in a whirl,
And said, "Do not answer me so!"
When twice in succession the mischievous girl
Repeated the odious "No!"

"There!" she said, with a laugh, "that is certainly
plain;

And your hearing is not over nice,
Or you wouldn't have forced me to say it again,
For I think I have spoken it twice!"

"I see!" I exclaimed, as I clasped in my own
The hand of my beautiful Bess;

"I now recollect—what the grammar has shown—
Two negatives equal a "Yes!"

J. G. S.

Extempore.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, for public orations, he happened at one time to be pretty much behindhand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and, scratching his pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. "Oh," said the knight, "no matter for that; speak anything that comes uppermost." "Why, here, Sir Richard," said the fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money; pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?"—"Very well, very well," said Sir Richard: "pray come down; I have heard enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject."

A Round of Isms.

A zealous, and in his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large but to a practised eye the deduction of even one was perceptible. "What keeps our friend, farmer B——, away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. "I have not seen him amongst us," continued he, "these three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away."—"No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism! God forbid it should be Deism?"—"No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "I trust it is not Atheism?"—"No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism! impossible—nothing can be worse than Atheism!"—"Yes, it is, your honour—it is *Rheumatism!*"

Niagara Falls.

Excited Frenchman at Niagara Falls: "Ah! dis is de grand spectakel! Suparb! Magnefiquent! By gar, he is come down fus-rate!"

Irish Imprudence.

In the year 1797, when democratic notions ran high, the king's coach was attacked as his Majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, who was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob, attracted the attention of the king. Not long after, the Irishman received a message from Mr. Dundas to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the great man, who praised his loyalty and courage, and desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his Majesty being desirous to reward him. Half thunderstruck, Pat exclaimed, "The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for."—"Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "think a moment, and *dinna* throw *yourself* out o' the way o' fortune." Pat hesitated a moment, and then smirkingly said, "I'll tell you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and, by St. Patrick, there'll be no fear of my gettin' on." The Minister, dumbfounded for the moment by the *mal-apropos* hit, replied, "Make a *Scotchman* of you, sir, that's impossible, for I can't give you *prudence*."

Awkward Orthography.

Matthews once went to Wakefield, then, from commercial failures, in a dreadful state. In vain did he announce his inimitable "Youthful Days;" the Yorkshiremen came not. When he progressed to Edinburgh, a friend asked him if he made much money in Wakefield?—"Not a shilling," was the reply. "Not a shilling!" reiterated his astonished acquaintance. "Why, didn't you go there to star?"—"Yes," replied Matthews, with mirthful mournfulness; "but they spell it with a *ve* in Wakefield."

Loss of Time.

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since breakfast yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day." This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who roused her maid at four o'clock, with, "Come, Bridget, get up. Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, then next day's Wednesday, half the week gone and nothing done yet!"

An Advice.

"James, my lad," said a hopeful father to his son, "keep away from the gals. Ven you see one comin', dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the doorsteps on t'other side of the street, fooled your poor old dad, Jimmy. Don't cast your eyes that way and wink. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might a been in Brazil, huntin' dimuns, my son!"

In Bad Credit.

An extravagant blade was told that he resembled the prodigal. "No," replied he, "I never fed swine."—"For a good reason," retorted the other, "the devil would not trust you with his pigs."

A Character.

Miss Susan Day was requested by her new mistress to obtain from her last situation a character of honesty, &c., and the following is a true copy of the reply:—"Madam, Suky Day leved with me won yere and leven munths, she nows kukin, backin, and bruin, as in a huseful kind of body."

A Use for a Bible.

A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?"—"Yes, massa, little." "Well, don't you ever use the Bible?"—"Yes, massa, strap the razor on him sometimes."

A Quaker's Advice.

A quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewellery, heard her complain of cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?"—"I really don't know," replied the quaker solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breast-pin."

Nice Boy.

"Ma, if you will give me a peach I will be a good boy."—"No, my child, you must not be good for pay; that is not right." "You don't want me to be good for nothing, do you?"

A Daily Son.

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a news-boy to Mrs. Partington. "Will I have a daily son? Why, you little scapegrace! how dare you insinuate against a lone woman from nome? No, indeed, I won't have a daily son! My poor dear man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a yearly son. A daily son, indeed! Begone, you little upstart imp!"—and the old lady called for the old turkey fan to keep her from swooning.

Easily Scared.

A young gentleman, having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, so he consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!"

Clever Reply.

A short time ago, at a school in Newark, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:—"Can any boy name to me an animal of the order edentata—that is, a front tooth toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied, "I can!" "Well, what is the animal?"—"My grandmother," replied the boy.

A Man Biting his own Nose off.

A certain Dutch Justice of the Peace, in Canada, had a case before him in which one party charged the other with biting his nose off. The defendant denied the accusation, stating that the plaintiff had bitten it off himself. Our worthy judge, after mature deliberation, delivered the following opinion:—"Mit Gott, everything is possible. Vell, if Gott is willing a man shall bite his own nose off, he must do it. De prisoner is discharged, and de plaintiff can go home and never do so no more."

Good Advice.

Husband: "Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done."—*Wife*: "Well, finish it then, my dear."

Clever Youth.

"Where was John Rogers burned to death?" said the teacher, in a commanding voice.—"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."—"In the fire," said Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

A Change.

"Boy," said a facetious farmer to his son, "we had a pretty hard day's work yesterday, now let's have a game at chopping wood."

Diamonds and Paste.

The celebrated actor, John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, being one day strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, a by-stander remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer, with some wrath, "I would have you know I never wear anything but diamonds."—"I beg your pardon," replied the other, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste." The laugh was much heightened by Bannister exclaiming, "Jack, why don't you stick him against the wall?"

A Clever Dutchman.

The following rich scene is said to have lately occurred in one of the courts of justice in New Orleans, between the judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam:—*Judge*: "What's your native language?"—*Witness*: "I pe no native; I'se a Dutchman." "What's your mother tongue?"—"Oh, father say she pe all tongue." *Judge, in an irritable tone*: "What language did you speak in the cradle?"—"I tid not speak no language in the cradle; I only cried in *Dootch!*"

A Weighty Better Half.

"I did not love lightly," as the man said when he married a woman weighing three hundred pounds.

An Advertisement.

In a public office, in a Western city, the following notice may be seen:—"Lost, a valuable silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

Linch Pins.

"I want to bet three dollars, that no man ever matched himself agin the devil but what he got beat. And I want to bet one dollar and seventy-five cents more, that thare is no villin on airth so gratefully mean as he who reconmends a vice that he has too much prudence to indulge in himself. Don't put oph till tow-morrow what kan be did to-day. It is better even to do a foolish thing at onst, if you have positiffly made up yure mind to do it. I never bet enny stamps on the man who iz always telling what he would have did if he had been *there*: i have notised that this kind never git *thare*. I take it, that the excellence of human nature consists in lifting the greatest amount ov sorrow with the least amount of grin."

A Horse for Sale.

A constable in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice with the following clause:—"I wyll xspoose fr sail the 5 da 1866 uv Jan. wan lytle rone horse, *or so much tharof* as ma be nessasary to satiisfi sad gignent."

Keeping Himself Dry.

An Irish porter, closing a shop one rainy evening, took off his coat while putting up the shutters. When asked why he went out in his shirt-sleeves in all the rain, "Shure," says he, "don't I want a dry coat to go home in?"

Harmless Serpents.

Douglas Jerrold calls women's arms "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions." The "oldest inhabitant" says, "he don't object to them kind o' serpents."

Excuses for Drinking.

One drinks because he's very hot, we are often told;
Another must a tankard take, because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try;
Another, sure, a tankard gets, because he's very dry;
Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it;
While one and all the liquor take, because, in fact, they like it.

Talk After Church.

"Mary, do you remember the text this morning?"—"No, papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." "Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"—"Oh, yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown garters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Ah, my!" "Well, my dear, your memory is improving."

A Wonderful Machine.

Here is a specimen of Yankee humour and exaggeration:—"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee peddler, "for picking the bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leetle bit the 'cutest thing you ever did see. All you have to do is, to set it on the table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies down your throat, and the bones right under the grate. Wal, there was a country green-horn got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and I tell you the way the bones flew down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fellow so full of bones, that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

A Chip of the Old Block.

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?"—"After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"—"No, sir, but mother did."

Another.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, (who resided at a short distance, and expected to get married very soon), "you are getting very thin."—"Yes, mother," he replied, "when I come next, you will be able to see my rib."

How to get at it.

"If you want tew git at the circumference ov a man," says Josh Billings, "examine him amung men; but if you want tew git at hiz aktual diameter, measure him at hiz fireside."

Correct the Proofs.

A poet intended to say, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

Caught in a Trap.

"Won't you take half this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel.—"No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half*." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

A Spark.

"Jenny," said a landlady to her maid the other morning, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night when you were sitting up?"—"Yes, marm," said Jenny, "there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny; but she, innocent girl, went on scrubbing and humming "Costermonger Joe."

Shepherds.

The Bishop of Wurtzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my lad?"—"Tending swine." "How much do you get?"—"One florin a-week." "I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much larger salary."—"That may be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

What to make of Him.

"Do you propose to put Ike into a store, Mrs. Parlington?"—"Yes," replied the lady; "but I am pestiferous to know which. Some tell me the wholesome trade is the best, but I believe that the ringtail would be most beneficial to his present abdominal condition."

Flunkeiana.

Lady: "Resign your situation! Why, what's wrong now, Thomas? Have they been wanting you to eat salt butter again?"—*Genteel footman*: "Oh, no, thank you, ma'am, but the fact is, ma'am, that I have heard that master were seen last week on the top of a homnibus, and I couldn't after that remain any longer in the family!"

A Large Calf.

A swell, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, "Make them cover the calf."—"Impossible!" exclaimed the astounded bootmaker, surveying his customer from head to foot, "I have not nearly leather enough."

Disgusting Boy.

"I say, Clara! I'm so jolly glad. I am. Do you know, all the pipes are froze, and we shan't be able to have any of that horrid washing these cold mornings! Aint it prime?"

Hint to Travellers.

If you are obliged to cross the Channel, get as near mid-ships as possible, (never mind the movement of the engines, or the smell of the oil,) and it will be sooner over.

Civility.

First old foozle: "Would you like to see the paper, sir? There's nothing in it."—*Second old foozle*: "Then what the devil did you keep it so long for?"

An Excuse.

A gentleman, while walking in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It is for that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

The Rising Generation.

Juvenile: "I tell you what it is, governor, the sooner we come to some understanding the better. You can't expect a young feller to be always at home; and if you don't like the way I go on, why, I must have chambers and so much a week."

Turn Him Out.

Juvenile: "Uncle!"—*Uncle*: "Now, then, what is it? This is the fourth time you've woke me up, sir!"—*Juvenile*: "Oh! just put a few coals on the fire, and pass the wine; that's a good old chap."

Oh! the Curtains.

Objectionable child: "Lor, pa! are you going to smoke? My eye! won't you catch it when ma comes home for making the curtains smell."

A Left-handed Compliment.

Bootmaker (with great feeling): "Oh, no, sir! Don't have Napoleons; have tops, sir. Yours is a beautiful leg for a top boot, sir!—(*Young Nimrod is immensely pleased.*) Beautiful leg, sir! same size all the way down, sir!"—(*Young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.*)

The Uncle Done.

Uncle: "So you've been to the Crystal Palace, have you, Gus?"—*Gus.*: "Yes, uncle." *Uncle*: "Well, now, I'll give you sixpence if you will tell me what you admired most in that temple of Industry?"—*Gus.* (unhesitatingly): "Veal and 'am pies, and the ginger-beer. Give us the sixpence."

Mistaking the Time.

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap,— "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

The Whole Hog.

An exchange gives us this:—"I say, Peter, some darned Whig stole half my pig last night." "How do you know it was a Whig, Bill?"—"Because, if it had been a Loco, he'd have taken the whole of it."

Servantgalism, or What's to Become of the Missuses?

Servant gal (who has quarrelled with her bread and butter): "If you please, ma'am, I find there's cold meat for dinner in the kitchen. Did you expect me to eat it?"—*Lady*: "Of course I expect you to eat it, and an excellent dinner, too." *Servant*: "Oh, then, if you please 'm, I should like to leave this day month."

A Toast by a Tailor.

A man who has no bills against him belongs to the highest order of *No-bill-ity*.

Strong Assertion.

Omnibus driver (addressing another): "You're a pretty fellow you are. You call yourself a man? Why, I've seen a better man than you made out of tea-leaves."

A Hint to Railway Travellers.

By breathing on the glass and holding a speaking doll by way of baby to the window, you may generally keep your compartment select.

Board Wanted.

A young lady, lately, who was waiting for her brother to take her over to her husband in America, said pettishly, "You are so long making up your mind, that I would go on a plank if any one would provide me with *board*."

Privileges of the Antipodes.

Johnny Robson, who is now learning "the use of the globes," was reading the *Port Philip Patriot*, and found that "a dish of sweet strawberries smothered in cream" was to be had in Melbourne, in the month of November, for half nothing. "Oh, mamma!" cried the juvenile geographer, "I've been born on the wrong side of the world!"

A Young Gentleman and Scholar.

Fond mother: "Why, he doesn't write very well yet, but he gets on nicely with his spelling. Come, Alexander, what does *d o g* spell?"—*Infant prodigy* (with extraordinary quickness): "Cat."

Solicitude.

Child (screams without any stops): "Hanner Maria yer tiresome haggerwatin' little ussey, come out of the road, do, with yer little brother, did yer want to be runned over by omnibustes and killed dead, oh dear! oh dear! who'd be a nuss?"

An Enthusiastic Fisherman.

"What a bore ! just like my luck. No sooner have I got my tackle ready, and settled down to a book, than there comes a confounded bite !"

Well done, Pat.

An Irish knight was once disputing with a French courtier as to the age and standing of their families, when the latter, as finisher to the argument, said that his ancestors were in the ark of Noah. "That is nothing," said the Hibernian, "for at the deluge my forefathers were cruising about *in a boat of their own !*"

Quite Correct.

"Well, farmer, you told us your wood was a good place for hunting, now we've tramped through it for three hours and found no game." "Just so. Well, I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

Good.

The bellman of Bolton lately amused the inhabitants of that town by crying, "Wanted, a wet nurse—apply to me !"

Practical Science.

Grandmamma: "Well, Charley, and what have you been learning, to-day?"—*Charley*: "Pneumatics, gran'ma!—and I can tell you such a dodge; if I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as grandpa's head!"

Literal.

Young lady: "Pray, cabman, are you engaged?"—*Cabman*: "Lor bless yer, miss, why I've been *married* this seven years !"

Distinctions of Dress.

The meeting of two gentlemen in the theatre lobby, is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, are you the box-keeper?"—"No," replied the other, "are you?"

The Sea-side: a Capital Offer.

"I say, granny! Charley Summers and I are going to take Lion out in a boat for a swim—now, if you'll give me a shilling, we will take you and the girls for a row!"

Perishable Goods.

An old woman called lately at a shop to purchase some oranges. In the course of conversation, she stated that she had just got off one of her daughters. On the shopkeeper congratulating her on the event, she gave a significant shake of her head, adding, "I may weel be glad, sir, for they are just like thae oranges, they dinna dae to be lang keepit."

Proof of Love.

"Jonas, do you love me?"—"Yes, Saakey, I does."
 "How do you know you love me, Jonas?"—"Cause, whenever I sees you, my heart jumps up and knocks agin my stummock so hard that I don't have any appetite for a week afterwards."

Sartain.

A capital story of a sarcastic old fellow, who, being asked one day by Parson A——, if he had any treasures laid up in heaven, replied, with a doleful look, "Sartain, sartain; I guess they must be there, if anywhere. I hain't got none laid up 't home, I say, sartain!"

Writing Loud.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"
 —"Why, you see, my grandmother's dafe, and I'm writing a loud letter to her!"

A Modern Nero.

That fiend Tomkins had the demoniac cruelty, one day last week, to pay a cabman a two-and-sixpenny fare in farthings! Did you ever hear of such deliberate and fiend-like villany?

"My Dear Boy."

"Yes, he is very dear to me. I have to pay a good round sum every year for his schooling; and he wears out his clothes so fast that I'm put to a never-ending expense buying new suits for him."

A Trade Circular.

That of the *wheelwright round* the corner.

The Real Digitorium.

A slap in the face.

The Right Man to Build up the Constitution.

Mr. *Mason Jones*.

Tavern Wine Measure.

2 Sips.....	make 1 Glass.		1 Pint makes 1 Quart Bot.
2 Glasses...	,, 1 Pint.		1 Bottle ,, One ill.

A Literal Interpretation.

"I'll take two children if I can have 'em eheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar in New York.—"Two children! What two children?"—"Why I ain't got any myself, and your sign reads '*Families supplied*,' don't it? I want you to supply me."

Quite True.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping."—"I know it, daddy, but bills are not always paid when they become due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

Unavoidably Absent.

"Is your father well?" asked Pat of an old acquaintance.—"No, he has been dead a number of years." "Sure, now, an' if I had known when he died, I would certainly have been at his funeral. I know, if the old jintleman was living, he would be glad to see me at his funeral."

Mild.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?"—"Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy!"

A Miracle.

"Mr. Showman," said a greenhorn at a menagerie, "can the leopard change his spots?"—"Yes, sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beasts; "when he's tired of one spot he can easily go to another."

A Black "Bull."

An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days ago in Paramata, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black vagabond, hallo, enough! I'll fight till I die!"—"So will I, sung out the negro; I always does."

Smart Boy.

The other day, one of Widow B——'s admirers was complaining of the toothache. Mrs. B——'s smart boy immediately spoke up: "Well, sir, why don't you do as ma' does? She takes her teeth out, and puts 'em back whenever she wants 'em."

Sayings.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy.—"But not till you're hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor.—"True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

"Turn me bottom upwards, if you want to make the most of me," as the figure 6 said to the accountant.

Irish Apology for being Last.

Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last."—"Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply, "surely some one must be last."

A Genius.

"Kitty, where's the frying pan?"—"Johnny's got it, carting mud and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse."—"The dear little fellow! what a genius he'll make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

Wet and Dry.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

The Advantages of Smoking.

"What a deal of money you do spend in tobacco, Tom!"—"Ay, ay, Ned; but if you notice, I get good *returns* for it."

Jolly Nose.

One Richard Buncle, living in Chester, was a great drunkard, and his nose was purpled. Tom said of him, "He was a Dick Bunkle, but his nose was a carbuncle."

"You don't, don't you?"

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody that don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?"—The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

A Warm Dwelling.

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord.—"It ought to be; the painter gave it *two coats* recently," was the response.

A Fowl Joke.

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"—"Whisht, Biddy, I'se trying an experiment!" "Murther, what is it?"—"What is it, did you say? Why, it is giving hot water to the chickens I am, so that they'll be aither laying *boiled eggs*!"

American Shrewdness.

"My child, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen for them, bring them back." Jemmy went as directed, and came back again, saying, "Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence!"

Qualified Abuse.

"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass?"—"Yes, sir; but I qualified it." "Aha! sir, you qualified it, did you? The better for you, sir; and pray, how did you qualify it?"—"I said you were an ass, sir, —all but the ears."

An Honest Confession.

"So, you only take one glass per day, ma'am?" said a magistrate to a woman who was brought up for drunkenness.—"Yes, sir, I speaks the truth when I say I makes a *pint* of it."

A Bad Saw.

A wag, sawing with a saw that was not the sharpest in the world, and after trying vainly to saw with it, broke out as follows:—"Well, of all the saws that I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

Descriptive.

A young dandy, who sported an enormous mustachio, asked a lady what she thought of his looks.—"Why," she said, "you look as if you had swallowed a squirrel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

A New Use for Crinolines.

Paterfamilias, anticipating a severe winter, utilizes the discarded crinolines of his daughters! (placing them over tender plants in the garden.)—*Punch*.

A Difference.

A little girl, who had been visiting in the family of a neighbour, hearing them speak of her father being a widower, on her return home addressed him thus:—"Pa, are you a widower?"—"Yes, my child. Don't you know your mother's dead?"—"Why, yes, I knew mother was dead; but you always told me you were a Londoner."

How to Serve out a Quack.

A correspondent of the *Times* tells us how he served a quack doctor who annoyed him by sending him pamphlets through the post. "I got a large hamper, filled it full of rubbish, bricks, and straw, &c., and in the middle I put the last book I had received, and outside the book I wrote 'Sold again.' I directed the hamper to the author of the books—'Dr. So-and-So, &c., from a grateful patient'—stuck some hares' legs under the lid, so as to let him see what was inside, and sent it by express train. I never had another book."

Dangerous Things.

The proprietor of a cotton factory put this notice on his gate:—"No cigars or good-looking men admitted." In explanation, he said,—“The one will set a flame agoing among my cotton, and the other among my girls. I won't admit such dangerous things into my establishment. The risk is too great.”

Cincinnati Water.

A Cincinnatiian says:—"Talk about filters! Just eat a quart of Ohio River water, and stand in the sun for five minutes, and you find the aforesaid coming out of every pore, beautifully filtered, while your stomach becomes converted into a sand-bag, and you can hear the gravel rattle as you walk."

Dreams Fulfilled.

It is related of the Emperor Charles V., that, being one day engaged in the chase, he lost himself in a forest. After long wandering, he came to a solitary ale-house, which he entered. In the house were four men of forbidding aspect. The emperor, however, sat down and refreshed himself. The men pretended to sleep, but at length one of them rose and approached the emperor, saying he dreamt he had taken his hat, and took it off the emperor's head. The second, saying he dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, on the same pretence, took his waistcoat; and the fourth, seeing a gold chain about the emperor's neck, whence hung his hunting horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I daresay you cannot blow the horn; I will teach you." So, putting it to his mouth, he blew repeatedly and loudly. His people, who were searching for him, heard the sound, and entered the cottage. "Here are four fellows," said the emperor, "who have dreamt what they please; I must also dream in my turn." So he sat down and shut his eyes for a while, when he started up, saying, "I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged; let those men be executed immediately." The master of the inn was compelled to carry the sentence into execution.

Visiting the Dy(e)ing

The late Duke of Gloucester frequently visited Cheltenham during the season. Upon one occasion he called upon Colonel Higgins, one of the equerries to the Prince Regent, and on inquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received for answer, "My master is dyeing." "Dying!" repeated the duke; "have you sent for a doctor?"—"No, sir!" His Royal Highness immediately ran back into the street, and having the good fortune to find a medical man, he requested him to come at once to Colonel Higgins, as he was on the point of death. The duke and the doctor soon reached the colonel's house, and, after again asking the servant how his master was, that functionary replied, "I told you, sir, that he was dyeing." They mounted the staircase, and were rather amused to find the supposed invalid busily occupied in—dyeing his hair!

A Prodigious Memory.

One day Voltaire, when a young man of about twenty-four, read to La Motte, who had a prodigious memory, a tragedy which he had written. La Motte listened with the greatest possible attention to the end. "Your tragedy is excellent," said he, "and I dare
 * answer beforehand for its success. Only one thing vexes me: you have allowed yourself to borrow, as I can prove to you from the second scene of the fourth act." Voltaire defended himself as well as he could against the charge. "I say nothing," answered La Motte, "which I cannot support; and to prove it, I shall recite this same scene, which pleased me so much when I first read it that I got it by heart, and not a word of it has escaped me." Accordingly, he repeated the whole without hesitation, and with as much animation as if he had composed it himself. All present at the reading of the piece looked at each other, and did not know what to think. The author was utterly confounded. After enjoying his embarrassment for a short time, "Make yourself easy, sir," said La Motte; "the scene is entirely your own—as much your own as all the rest; but it struck me as so beautiful and touching, that I could not resist the pleasure of committing it to memory."

Irish Ignorance.

A Canadian clergyman was not long since called upon by an Irish girl, who inquired how much he asked for "marrying anybody." He replied, "A dollar and a-half;" and Biddy departed. - A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but perceiving, with astonishment, that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?"—An expression of disappointment and chagrin, too ludicrous to be described, passed over Biddy's features as she ejaculated, "And don't you find the man for a dollar and a-half?"

A Great Monkey.

"Mamma," said a young gentleman running into the parlour, "Tilda's down in the kitchen, and there's a great monkey got hold of her." Mrs. Smith rushed to her daughter's assistance; but appearances not bearing out Master Smith's statement, he was called on for an explanation. He stated that he had distinctly observed an *ape run* (apron) round his sister's waist. Nothing further is known.

An Unsuspicious Nature.

During the cross-examination of a false witness, he was asked where his father was. The witness, with a melancholy air, responded, "Dead, sir; dropped off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question.—"Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed on his unsuspicious nature, sir, and getting him to go up on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door out from under him, sir."

Shoppy.

Soon after Samuel Whitbread had returned from his travels, he made himself conspicuous by taking an active part against the ministry, at a public meeting of the Westminster electors. The Duke of Queensberry, speaking of this at Brooke's, said that "the brewer was making a desperate plunge at popularity." "Pardon me, duke," replied George Selwyn, "he is only playing at *carte* and *tierce*."

A Player's Sermon.

When John Edwin, the comedian, was tramping through the south of Ireland on a professional tour, with three others, they requested him, it being a Sunday morning, to favour them with a discourse suitable to the day. He began as follows:—"In the fifth chapter of Job, verse the seventh, you will find these words, 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.' I shall divide this discourse, and consider it under the three following heads:—1. Man's ingress into the world; 2. A man's progress through the world; and 3. His egress out of the world.

1. A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;
2. His progress through the world, is trouble and care;
3. And his egress out of the world, is—nobody knows where!

To conclude:

If we do well here, we shall do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

A Severe Hit.

A witticism by a distinguished member of the bar, Sergeant B——, is going the rounds of the London clubs. Sergeant B—— and Sergeant M—— met recently in the robing-room of Westminster, when the latter bitterly complained of the amount of work which he was saddled with, declaring that it was killing him. "Why, then," said B——, "do you work so hard? Give up some of your practice—you have made a lot of money, you know."—"Yes," replied M——, "but I have got into a groove, and cannot get out of it." "A groove," retorted B——; "yes, a groove of love of money. But remember, M——, you cannot take your money with you when you die; and if you could, in your case it would be useless, for it would be melted in a minute or two."

A Useful Hint.

Gentleman: "How much, Cabby?"—*Cabby*: "Two shillings, sir." *Gentleman*: "Nonsense, cabman, the distance is under three miles; your fare is eighteenpence—there it is."—*Cabby*: "Vell, if yec knowed, vy did yec ask?"

Very Dull.

Some one praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley to know "whether it were not admirable as a domestic example?"—"No doubt," said the doctor, "it was very praiseworthy, but it must have been very dull."

A Disadvantage.

A gentleman who had a very deaf servant, was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling, "that poor creature could never hear of another situation."

Fish and Sauce.

Sergeant Cockle, a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of the right of fishery he asked the witness, "Do you like fish?"—"Ay," replied the witness with a grin, "but I dinna like Cockle sauce with it."

Too Old for School.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?"—"Oh! you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school," was the reply.

Sailors' Yarns.

Two sailors, being in company together, were relating the most remarkable incidents that happened on their voyages. One said, they found it so hot going to Guinea, that they used no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck, in the sunshine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large fire. The other said, "I was never in so hot a climate as that, but I've been many degrees to the North, where it was so cold that the words froze in our mouths, so that we could not hear one another speak till we came to a warmer latitude to thaw them; and then all our discourses broke out together like a clap of thunder; there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel."

Good Advice.

An editor thus nudges his delinquent subscribers: "We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do, and they no doubt owe you. If you pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you."

What a Dunce.

A Western paper publishes the following notice:—"Lost or strade from the 'scriber, a sheep all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shall receive five dollars to bring him. He was a she goat."

A Dramatic Sketch.

"I shall cane you soundly," said the dominie. "What for?" inquired the delinquent.—"For being rude." "You ought not to cane me soundly for that." "Why?"—"Because it's contrary to the table of weights and measures." "How so?"—"You would be making one rood an acher." "You can sit down," said the dominie.

A Well Informed Youth.

"Quit spitting that nasty tobacco on the floor, Josh, or I'll whop ye."—"La, mother, why don't you speak properly? You should have said, 'Cease ejecting that offensive saliva of the Virginia weed upon the promenade, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation.' That is proper, ma." Ma fainted.

A Long Kick.

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule. One day, the Irishman who was on foot got close to his mule-ship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he hurled a stone at the mule, but by accident he struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The crater's kicked me," was the reply.—"Be jabbers," said the other, "he's did the same to me on the back of the head."

An Irishman's Taste.

An Irishman entered a barber's shop, and while waiting, ate with a brush a cup of lather, dug out the ball of soap at the bottom of the cup, ate that, and sat down to warm his feet. "How did you like your lunch?" asked a bystander.—Said Pat, "The custard was illegant, but, by my soul, I b'lave the egg was a little too long in the wather."

How to Appreciate Humour.

A humorous lecturer, who came here recently, sent his agent on a couple of days ahead to smooth his way. On his arrival he found Mr. Agent most thoroughly Bourbonized. Whether or not there "is a Bourbon among us," he had certainly been among a good deal of Bourbon. The following dialogue ensued between lecturer and agent:—*Lecturer*: "What are the prospects?"—*Agent*: "Splén' prospects." *Lecturer*: "What sort of a house do you reckon we'll have?"—*Agent*: "(hic) Full." *Lecturer*: "Do you think the people here appreciate humour?"—*Agent*: "'Preshate humour? Well, if as 'n feller to drink every fif'n minutes is 'preshation 't humour,' they've (hic) got it!"

Good.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Coelebs, in a rage.—"It is the rock of the cradle, sir," said the lady. Coelebs vanished.

A Present from the Shakers.

A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about the method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her at last by the remark, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

The Art of Garroting.

Hans: "Ven dey jokes in his neck till he's plack in his face, ry do dey call garroting him?"—*Heinrich*: "Dey calls it garroting pecaush dey stopsh de plood from running in his garroted artery."

Witty Reply.

When the late Alderman Waithman was Lord Mayor of London, a man was brought before him on a charge of vagrancy. "What countryman are you?" inquired the Alderman.—"An Irishman, please your honour," was the reply. The Alderman asked, "Were you ever at sea?"—"Come, your honour," answered Paddy, "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow?"

Long Hose.

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made."—"Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine-house."

Peculiar Men.

The Jealous Man iz alwuz a-hunting. He is alwuz a-hunting for sumthing that he don't expekt tew find, and, after he has found it, then he is mad bekauze he haz. These fellers don't beleav in spooks, and yet they are about the only folks who ever see enny. A jealous man iz alwuz happy jist in proporshun az he iz miserable. Jelosity iz a disease, and iz a good deal like seasickness—dredful sick and kan't vomit.

The Anonymous Man boards at a red tavern, and pays for hiz board bi tending bar occasionally. He haint got any more karakter than the jack ov spades haz when it ain't trumps. He is a loafer by profession, without enny vices. He rides on the box once in a while with the driver, and nobody thinks of asking for his stage fare. He sprung from a respeeckable family; his great grandfather was a justiss ov the peace; but he has not got vanity enuff tew brag on it. He ain't necessarily a phool, enny more than a bull's-eye watch iz; if any body will wind him, he will sett still and run quietly down.

The Stiff Man looks down, when he walks, upon folks. He don't seem tew hav but one limber jint in him, and that is lokated in his noze. He iz a kind of masculine turkey, on parade, in a barn-yard. He iz

generally loaded with wisdom clear up tew the muzzell, and when he goes oph, makes a noize like a cannon, but don't dew enny dammage. I have seen him fire into a crowd, and miss evry man. This kind uv stiff man is very handy tew flatter. They seem to know they ain't entitled to a good article, and, therefore, are satisfied with very hard soap. There ain't but fu men who git stiff on what they acktually know, but most aul ov them git stiff on what they acktually feel. Stiff men are called aristokrats, but this aint so. There ain't no such thing as aristokrats in this country. The country ain't long enuff yet, unless a man has got some Indian in him. Az a gen'ral thing, stiff men get mad dreadful easy, and have tew git over it dreadful easy, because folks ain't apt tew git a big skare at what they ain't afraid ov. Stiff man had a grandfather once who went tew Congress once from our distrikt, and thare ain't one in the whole family that have been able tew limber sinse.

The Model Man never disturbs a hen when she is setting; never speaks cross tew a lorst dorg; alwuz puts a five cent shinplaster in hiz vest pocket late Saturday night, tew have it ready Sunday morning for the church platter; rizes whenever a lady enters the street kars; remembers yure uncle plainly, and asks after aul the family. If he steps on a kat's tail iz sure to do it light, and immediately asks her pardon; reads the *Weekly Gossip*, and laffs bekause he kan't help it; hooks up his wife's dress and plays hoss with the children. Never meddles with the cream in the milk pans; goes eazily ov errands, and cums back in season; attends evryboddy's phuneral; kan alwuz tell when the moon changes; thinks just az yu do, or the other way, if yu want him to; follows evryboddy's advice but his own; praktices most ov the virtews without knowing it; leads the life of a shorn lamb; gits sick after a while, and dies az soon az he kan, to save making cnny further trubble. The model man's vices are not feared, nor his virtews respekted. He lives in the memory ov the world just about az long az a pleasant day duz. He may be called a "clever fellow," and that iz only a libel; but he will git hiz reward hereafter—when the birds git theirs.

Lending to the Lord.

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen, closed with the following passage of Scripture:—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "That may be," soliloquized Sambo; "but when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a red cent."

What a Nose.

An editor out West says he is so short-sighted, that he often rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pen.

A Nursery Dialogue.

GOVERNESS *v.* LITTLE BOY WITH SLATE.

Governess: "Now, Johnny dear, I have told you before that the past tense of 'fit' is not 'fat,' but 'fitted,' and that 'sit, sat,' is an exception. Now write down the past tense of 'knit.'" *Johnny* (writing it): 'gnat.'

Clever Reply.

An emperor one day went out a-hunting along with a prince. When the weather became hot, the emperor and the prince put their cloaks on the back of a jester. The emperor fell a-laughing, and said to him: "Oh, jester, you have there the load of an ass!"—The jester replied, "Nay, I have in fact the load of two asses."

Ingratitude.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."—"Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

Not Wanted.

"Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another.—"No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favoured me with original spelling."

A Correction.

In an Irish paper there once appeared this erratum:—"In our last, instead of *his* Grace the *Duchess* of Devonshire, read *her* Grace the *Duke* of Devonshire."

Cool Trick.

During the last few months scarcely a railway terminus in London has escaped the depredations of a gang of well-dressed thieves, who, on the arrival of express trains, have claimed some of the passengers' luggage, and coolly walked off with it.

Shaking Hands.

The *Times'* special correspondent says that, at the recent review in the Bois-de-Boulogne, the Emperor of Austria and the Duchess of Cambridge "had a most vigorous old-fashioned pump-handle shake-hands up-and-down, which it was refreshing to see."

An Advantage.

A farm was lately advertised in a Yankee newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air, were detailed in the richest glow of rural description, and which was further enhanced with this *N.B.*:—There is not an attorney within fifteen miles of the neighbourhood.

The Reason Why.

"India, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they eat, and they dhrink and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and says it's the climate as has killed them."

Awkward Discovery.

A lady correspondent of the *Milwaukie Sentinel*, who, writing under a *nom de plume*, had attracted considerable attention, received a note from a gentleman admirer recently, in which the writer said that a lady who could put such beautiful thoughts to paper, must be equally gifted in person, &c., and wanted to meet her by moonlight alone; to which she wrote a consent. She came to the rendezvous veiled; they walked, he talked, he made love; finally gained consent to take a little kiss; the veil was raised for the purpose, and the stricken gentleman gazed upon the comely features of his own wife.

Catch the Thief.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes," as the thief said to the bankers.

Being Done.

The *New York Times*, commenting on the extreme gullibility of contributors to the Exchequer of "The Irish Republic in America," says, "A large portion of the people love to be humbugged, and of course they are accommodated."

Making no Difference.

An old Irish officer, after a battle, ordered the dead and the dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some were alive and might be saved, "Oh, bedad," said he, "if you were to pay any attention to what they say, not one of them would allow that he was dead."

Quaker's Revenge.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee;" and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of the walking-stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

Teetotalism.

"Arrah, Teddy, dear, will you tell me what is the meaning of teetwotalism? Is it repale?"—Teddy took the pipe out of his mouth, and deliberately said, "It is not repale, Dennis, but it's like it. Repale is dividing a sister from her mother. Teetwotalism is cutting the heart out of a man, and sticking a lump of cold water in its place."

The Sage and the Simpleton.

As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual, of weak intellect. "Pray," said the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?"—"I dinna ken," said Jemmy, "hoo auld are ye yoorself?"

"Time Works Wonders,"

As the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

Extraordinary Resemblance.

There are two sisters in Massachusetts, twins, who are so much alike, that each of them occasionally mistakes the other for herself.

The Sixth Sense.

A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection. "There is one you are entirely without," said one who was by, "and that is common sense."

Beating the Mail.

An Iowa editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents "in advance of the mail, in consequence of a flock of wolves and a bear chasing the post rider across the prairies."

Cheshire Wit.

The following sign was put up near some unfinished buildings in Higher Trannere:—"Notice to thieves, a watch is kept on these premises;" under which a village wit wrote in chalk, "Them as can't read this, inquire next dor."

An Old Coat.

In the town of Neath may be seen a very aged man, of the name of Aubrey, who wears a coat made sixty-five years ago, which formed part of his wedding dress.

Epitaph.

In a churchyard near Oxford is the following inscription on the tomb of a military officer:—

Billeted by death,
I, quartered, here lay slain,
And when the trumpet sounds,
I'll rise and march again.

Want of Brains.

A tailor, following an army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched the brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The tailor said, "If I had possessed any brains I would not have been here."

Comparing Notes.

Two sextons meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast decrease of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than me, for I haven't buried a *living soul* these three weeks."

Superfine.

A gentleman, travelling in the United States, on arriving at his destination in the evening, addressed the ostler as follows:—"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall illuminate the oriental horizon, I shall award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, in great astonishment, ran into the house, saying, "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

Invitation to a Pic-Nic.

A Lieutenant of Militia was condemned to death for the crime of forgery. The unhappy man sent notes, on the eve of his execution, to several of the officers of the Middlesex Militia, to this effect:—"Lieutenant Campbell presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs him to take a cup of chocolate with him, to-morrow morning, and to do him the honour to accompany him on foot to Tyburn, to witness the ceremony of his execution."

P's and Q's.

"You must mind your p's and q's now, Miss Eliza," said an elder sister to a little girl.—"Indeed," she replied, "I suppose, then, I must be *pert* and *quarrelsome*."—"No," was the rejoinder of a third, "you must be *polite* and *quiet*."

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed about?—"I am writing nothing just at present," he replied. "Well, but, doctor," said she, "if I could write like you I should be always writing, merely for the pleasure of it."—"Pray, madam," retorted he, "do you think that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

Advice.

Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning a yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be *worsted*.

Sponsors.

A country clergyman, who used to exercise the children of his parishioners in saying their catechism, asked a boy whom he met one day, according to the third question of the Church Catechism, "What his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" The child, being thus taken unawares, replied, "I don't know what they will do, but they have done little enough for me yet."

A Proper Answer.

Augustus having heard of a countryman who lived at a distance from Rome, so like himself that their faces were scarcely distinguishable, was curious to see him, and being in that part of the country, sent for him. Being brought into his presence, the Emperor, amongst other things, jocularly asked him, Whether his mother used ever to go to Rome?—"No," answered he; "but my father did."

Charges.

Amongst the items in the ledger of a bankrupt veterinary surgeon, examined last week at Birmingham, the following appeared:—"Miss C —, medicine and attendance upon two *white cats*, 6s. 8d.; to a *post-mortem* examination of these two *white cats*, 13s. 4d."

The Surplice.

A lady, returning from church in a village in the west, remarked to a friend that she had heard a sermon in excellent Irish. "How could that be?" said her friend, "they do not talk Irish in Cornwall, and why should the preacher preach in Irish?"—"Oh!" replied the lady, "I don't mean the language, but the linen it was preached in. I assure you, the surplice was Irish, and really beautiful, beautiful!"

Happy Pair.

Alphonso, king of Spain, used to say that he only knew one happy married pair in his dominions,—the man was *deaf*, and the woman was *blind*.

A Query.

The following is a verbatim copy of a Ciceronian epistle lately sent to a parish clerk:—"Can wa baa marad to-morrow mournin at alavan o'clock? Plase to sand maa wud?"

Looking in.

"You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe when he popped his nose into the belly.

Termination of a Fever.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another, "I thought," said he to a person in company, "you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone off?"—"Yes," replied the other, "I did so; but I forgot to mention that he was gone off along with it."

Luxuries.

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose-matrimonial.—"I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "for bachelorism certainly is a *luxury*."

Hint to Speculators, from a Lady.

Buy up the dandies at public estimation, and retail them at their own prices.

The Lord and the Goose.

A noble lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of the table, "Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson?"—"Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your lordship."

Pickles.

Dr. Johnson was, according to Boswell, a man of very nice discrimination in the science of cookery, and he was proverbial for his sauce, which he dealt out to every one with the greatest freedom. Boswell once asked him if he liked pickles, when he said, "No, sir, the man who would eat a pickle would pick a pocket."

Fair Play.

Mr. Curran, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel, who was very stout, called him out. The other, however, objected, "For," said he, "you are so little, that I might fire a dozen times without killing you; whereas the chance is, that you shoot me at the first fire."—"Upon my conscience, that's true," cried Curran; "but to convince you I don't wish to take any advantage, you shall chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

Coming to Terms.

A celebrated doctor of divinity, after a few hours' conversation with a lady, wrote to her thus:—"My dear madam, in a few hours you have obtained a place in my heart, which I could not have expected in as many weeks; indeed, so fully have you possessed yourself, that unless you consent to become a tenant for life, not only will our parting be exceedingly troublesome, but I fear many terms will elapse before I can prepare the premises for another occupant." It is needless to say that the lady came to terms.

Simplicity.

During a trial at the Dorset Sessions, the counsel, among other questions about the hilly state of the old road, asked a carter: "When you get up the hill, what do you do?"—"Why, go down again, to be sure," replied the rustic, who appeared much astonished at the want of information manifested by his questioner.

A Sleepy Sermon.

An American dissenting minister, at one of the conventicles of the State, was preaching to a somewhat wearied congregation, when, lifting up his eyes to the gallery, he beheld a youthful "Pickle" pelting the people below with chestnuts. The worthy was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp reprimand for this fragrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth prevented him by exclaiming in a loud tone, "You mind your preaching, I'll keep the *dogs* awake!"

Somewhere.

An individual, whose opinion of his own merits was much higher than that entertained by the rest of the world, on being introduced to a literary man of some eminence, scanned his features very minutely, and then pompously observed, "*I think*, sir, I have seen you *somewhere?*"—to which the gentleman addressed coolly replied, "You possibly may, sir, as I have often been there."

Notice Extraordinary.

The following advertisement was posted up at North Shields:—"Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. —, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot his said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he shoot the wrong one."

Simile.

"I never felt this *before*," as the man said of the pain in his back.

A Dangerous Position.

When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctor, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

Good Soil.

A dashing Kentuckian intimates to you the richness of the soil, by saying, "If you plant a nail at night, 'twill come up a spike next morning."

Fool or Rogue?

Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are more fool or rogue." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and walking in the middle, after some hesitation replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

Dean Swift.

Dean Swift, once dining with the Mayor of Dublin, was served with part of a duck, and asking for apple-sauce, was told by the mayor there was none; upon which he cut an apple-pie, and put a spoonful of the apples on his plate. The mayor exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you eat duck like a goose."

If he Don't he Ought to.

One day, in the county of Limerick, a gentleman of humane feelings and religious principles, saw a man lashing his horse at a most furious rate, and at the same time uttering oaths and curses at the poor animal with each fresh application of the whip. "My good friend," said the gentleman, stepping up to him, "do you not know that it is not only very cruel to be lashing your horse in that way, but very absurd to be making use of these oaths to him; for the poor animal does not understand a single word of that sort of language?"—"An' sure, then, yer honour, it's his own fault if he doesn't, for he hears enough of it every day."

Henry IV.

Henry IV., king of France, always made his children call him papa, or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "Sire," or "Your Majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, have you any children?"—"Yes, Sire," said he. "Very well, then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

A Guarded Answer.

In the Registration Court, Cupar-Fife, a man was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "My lord, he's gone."—"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?"—"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead."

Rather Cautious.

An old gentleman of Penabscot, who is very careful of his health, generally makes a point of airing his umbrella before using it, for fear he should catch cold.

Reason for Wearing Clean Linen.

"You have not had on clean linen, to-day," said an American captain to his corporal. "Did you ever see me on parade, when I was a corporal, without clean linen?"—"No, your honour; but then your honour's mother was a laundress."

Chops.

An old lady, reading an account of a boat's crew being wrecked off Goodwin Sands, and nearly famishing through hunger, innocently wondered why they did not cook the "*chops of the Channel*," which, the report said, they had encountered.

An Extravagant Joke.

A facetious contemporary, some time since, took a fancy to a joke which was so extravagant that it has been found to have "run through" the whole of his property.

A Sweet Command.

"Now, put that right back where you took it from," as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

An Eye to Business.

A temperance lecturer in Devonshire, a short time since, finished his discourse thus:—"And, finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Tom has got as good cider as any in the country, at sixpence a-quart."

The One or the Other.

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, "What's your height?"—To which Pat replied, "The man that measured me, told me that it was five foot ten, or ten foot five; I am not exactly sure which, but it was either one or the other."

A Young Hopeful.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning before I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice.—"All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad promptly, "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

Irish Wit and Gallantry.

When our streets were a perfect glare of ice, a lady fell. As we ran to assist her, we encountered a son of the Green Isle, who, on assisting to raise the lady, exclaimed, "Faith, yer must be a lovely good lady, for don't the Blessed Book tache us, that it's the wicked that stand on slippery places."

A Labourer's Wit.

A man on horseback stopped opposite the little church in B——, the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress. He told one of the workmen it would be an expensive job.—"Yes," replied the other, "in my opinion, we shall accomplish what our dominie has been vainly trying to do for the last thirty years." "What is that?" said his interrogator.—"Why, bringing all the parish to *repentance*."

Concerning Eggs.

At breakfast, one morning, in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the "White Swan," in York, a foreigner made quick despatch of the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed it on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against monsieur by his moustachios, could brook the extravagance no longer, and, speaking up, said, "Why, sir, you leave all the white. How is the landlady to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"—"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't hab me eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken, the vite de fedders. Am I to make a bolster of my belly?" The farmer was dumfounded.

The United States.

A state of wine, and a state of excitement.

Foppery.

A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions:—"They are really contemptible," said he; "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous."—"I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy; "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous."—"Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

Dear Dealing.

A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything; at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you."—"Oh no," said the youngster, "to me you are always *fair*."—"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

The Two Macnabs.

The chief of the Scotch clan, Macnab, lately emigrated to Canada, with a hundred clansmen. On arriving at Toronto, he called on his illustrious namesake, Sir Allan, and left his card, as "*The Macnab*." Sir Allan returned his visit, leaving his card, "*The other Macnab*."

A Highland View of Heaven.

"I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!" shouted an earnest and excited Highland minister into the ears of an apathetic congregation, to whom he had delivered, without any apparent effect, a vivid and impressive address on the glory of heaven,— "I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! You'd pe wantin' that all the seas would pe hot water, that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskies, and that all the hills and the mountains would pe loaves o' shugar! That's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! Moreover," he added, warming to his work, "you'd pe wantin' that all the corn-stooks would pe pipe-staples, and tobaccos, and sneeshin'! That's the sort o' heaver, you'd pe wantin'!"

COMICALITIES;

OR,

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NOVEL NOTIONS, HUMOROUS TALES, &c., &c.;

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Horrible Mutilation.

A policeman has just called at our office with the intelligence, that he was standing outside an area, and saw a cook deliberately cut out the eyes of a number of murphies; after which she deliberately skinned them; and, to conclude the deed, plunged the victims into boiling water. What will the Irish say to this?

Sovereign Contempt.

If you employ a clerk at a pound a-week, and he is impudent, pay him off and have done with him. This is treating him, as he deserves, with "sovereign contempt."

Irish Practical Wit.

A Tipperary Rochite sends a letter of advice to a *neighbour* about taking a certain piece of land, or letting it alone, and ends with this pithy question: "What's the whole world to a man *if his wife be a widow?*"

How to Save One's Bacon.

A gentleman near Limerick, a lineal descendant of Sir Boyle Roche, having heard that the newly invented galvanic rings would cure anything, ordered a number of them to be used as snout-rings for his pigs, expecting to have his bacon cured that way.

An American "Traveller's Tale."

A gentleman, in the course of his travels in the West, one day emerged from the neck of a piece of timber, and suddenly descried a country tavern, upon the porch of which sat one of the oldest white-haired men he had ever seen, crying like a child. In answer to an inquiry as to the cause of his trouble, he sobbed out, "that his father had just licked him." Upon entering the bar-room the traveller discovered another and much older man behind the bar, whom he addressed: "You seem to have some trouble here, stranger. Your son informs me that you have whipped him."—"Yes," rejoined the landlord, excitedly; "I could not avoid it. The young rascal was chasing his grandfather round a ten acre lot, and stoning him. I had to interfere, stranger."

Filial Piety.

The following conversation, which, had it come to his knowledge, the late Mr. Leech would have used as an illustration of "Life in the Mining Districts," has just been repeated to us:—*First Collier*: "There's been a foire (explosion) at Jackson's pits." *Second Collier*: "My feyther worked there." *First Collier*: "Yes, and he's blowed all to pieces." *Second Collier*: "By gum! why, he'd got my knoife!"

Conjugal Affection.

A married woman in Wisconsin says, that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and when he is very drunk she kicks him. She congratulates herself that she does the greater part of the kicking.

The Hero of Magdala.

"What are they ga'en to dae wi' Sir Robert the noo, for a' his gran' doin's in Abyssinia?"—"Troth, John, I canna jist say; aiblins they'll mak' him a peer." "A peer! hout, mun; they canna dae that." "An' what for no? Sure the Queen can mak' ony ane a lord?"—"Ah, weel I wot she can; but if she war to mak' him a' the lords that ever was, still he'd be nae-peer."

A Sad Loss.

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded.—"It was nae great thing of a head, bairns, to be sure," said the good lady; "but it was a sad loss to him."

Quid pro Quo.

"There she goes!" sneered an Englishman, as a Highlander marched past, in his tartans, at a fair. "There she lies!" retorted Duncan, as he knocked the scorner down at a blow.

A Poser.

As a dominie was employed in teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on a slate, the pupil asked his instructor: "Whaur does a' the figures gang till whan they're rubbit oot?"

A Difficult Operation.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Gorbals, Bailie Mitchell in the chair, it was resolved and unanimously agreed, that a new bridge be erected on the *site* of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland Street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge *till the new one be built.*

True Sympathy.

A man observing a carter, a friend of his, shedding tears, said to him, "What's the matter, John?"—"Oh, Sandy, man! my mither's deed," sobbed the carter. "Is that a'?" rejoined the friend; "I was feared it had been your horse!"

London Epitomised.

"What do I think o' Lunnon, ask ye?" said old John Wilson, a Stirling worthy, on being asked his opinion of the great metropolis,— "What do I think o't? it's just a lump o' gude ground spoilt wi' stane and lime."

A Consummation, &c.

"Tonald," said a Highland drover to a friend, "you're drunk, Tonald."—"God forbid, Rory," answered the accused; "I wish I was!"

After-Church Criticism.

"How did ye like the doctor the day, Thomas?"—"Weel, John, the sermon was no that ill; but I didna like yon trash o' duties at the hinner end o't."

An Honour Delayed.

When the Rev. Dr. B—— obtained the degree of D.D., a gentleman mentioned the fact to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favourite. "You will be glad to hear, John, that the University of St. Andrews has conferred a doctor's degree on our minister?"—"I dinna wonder at that, sir," said the shepherd. "Mair than twenty years ago he cured my wife o' a cholic. He should have been made a doctor lang syne!"

Profit and Loss.

"Well, John," said a minister to one of his hearers, "I hope you hold family worship regularly?"—"Ay, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't." "In the time o' year o't! What do ye mean?"—"Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles."—"Ay, sir," replied John, "but, in that case, I'm afraid the cost might owergang the profit."

A Perfect Husband.

An old Aberdeen laird's wife, when other ladies were enriching the tea-table with broad descriptions of the vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a guid, weel-tempered, couthy, quiet, innocent, daidlin', drunken body, wi' nae ill practices ava!"

A Scotch Dog.

A story is told of a Scotch dog which, whenever a penny was given to him, used to go at once to a baker with the coin in his mouth, when, on dropping it, the baker would give him a penny roll. On one occasion, however, the baker cheated him, taking his penny, but giving him only a halfpenny roll; and then the dog went and fetched a *policeman*! It should be remembered, however, that it was a *Scotch* dog.

A Striking Fact.

An Irish Dominican preacher, wishing to place the *meanness* of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the future apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds, that he even *kept the bag*."

Good Evidence.

"What d'ye think o' this great revival that's gaun on the noo, Jamie?" asked a grocer of a brother-tradesman.—"Weel," answered Jamie, "I canna say muckle about it; but I ken this—I hae gotten in a gude wheen bawbees that I had gi'en up langsyne as bad debts."

Tastes Differ.

"I wonder," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them sae weel: for my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies e'er I saw."

A Highland Constable's Charge.

"The prisoner, your worship's klory, proke my coat and tore my lantern in the Lord's park on the Queen's morning."

An Endless Wit.

"Really, Mr. Johnston, there's nae end to your wit," said a lady, in the West of Scotland, to a noted humorist. "God forbid, madam," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

A Candid Prayer.

In *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* (1693) we find the following:—"Mr. Areskine prayed in the Tron Kirk last year, 'Lord have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh.'"

All Well.

"Good morning, Saunders," said an old labourer to a friend he met on the road; "are ye a' weel?"—"O aye, thankye for speerin', we're a' weel, only the wife's dead!"

An Asthmatic Patient.

An asthmatic patient, complaining of a north-east wind, said "he wished he had the same property as the great American aloe—*only to blow once in a hundred years.*"

A Cadger's Supper.

A minister called in upon the gudewife at Corset-hill one night, for the purpose of catechising her. "What is the Lord's Supper, Peggy?" he inquired.—"Deed, sir," said the hostel wife, more intent on matters temporal than on things spiritual, "there's nae lords come here away; but I'se tell you what a cadger's supper is—it's just a groat; and what they leave at night, they tak awa wi' them in their pouch in the morning."

Highland Ancestry.

A dispute arose between two members of the clans Campbell and M'Lean upon the never-ending subject of their ancestors. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan M'Lean was before the flood?—"Flood? what flood?" said M'Lean.—"The flood that, you know, drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell.—"Pooh! you and your flood;" said M'Lean, "my clan was afore ta flood."—"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark."—"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean tat had not a boat of his own!"

Spinning Without Tow.

As a verbose preacher was addressing the congregation on a communion occasion, one by one his ministerial brethren dropped out of the church into the vestry. As the last one who left put his head into the vestry, those who preceded him inquired if the prolix speaker had not yet finished his address.—"Weel," said he, "his tow's dune lang syne, but he's aye spinnin' awa' yet."

A Candid Witness.

"I'll tell a lee wi' ony man in Scotland," said a witness in an inferior court; and then, with characteristic caution, he added, "but I'll no swear to't."

Reason for Reason.

"I'm sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another.—"Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the other.—"No."—"Weel, it's because it's empty," said John.—"Aye, man, that's queer;" said the first one. "Are you ne'er fashed wi' a ringing in your ain head, John?"—"No, never," answered John.—"And do ye no ken the reason o' that. It's because it's crackit."

Pastor and People.

A learned, but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered: "Na, na, I'm no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie *naïveté*, "but, losh me! hoo tired the folks are whiles!"

A Logical Definition.

A Scottish blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means; and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel'—that's metaphysics."

Single or Double.

"Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old female servant, whom he had known all his days, "are ye no married yet?"—"Me marry!" replied Peggy indignantly; "I daresay no! I wouldna gie my single-life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

A Double Bull.

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry-bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them blackberries when they were red. "Don't you know," said his friend, "that blackberries are always red when they are green."

Choosing his own Gallows.

Many years ago, when those who were condemned to suffer by the law had more choice than they have now of the particular tree upon which they should be hanged, a Highlander was sentenced to death for some crime or other of which he had been found guilty. The judge, after passing the sentence, said, addressing the prisoner: "Donald, it only remains for you to choose the tree upon which you are to be hanged."—"Well, well," said Donald, "if her ainsel maun be hanged, she be in no way particular; but for all that, her ainsel will just choose a groset-bush," (gooseberry bush.) The judge whereupon remonstrated with him, saying: "It will not be large enough."—"Och," said Donald, "she be in no hurry; she will just wait till it grows."

No Monopoly.

In a certain district in the Highlands, the bell-man one day made the following proclamation:—"O yes, O yes, and O yes; and that's three times! You'll all pe tak notice, that there will pe no Lord's-day here next Sabbath, because the laird's wife wants the kirk to dry her clothes in!"

Cool.

Jones: Bridget, "I told you to let me have my hot water the first thing in the morning."—*Bridget*: "Sure an' didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night, so as to be in time, sir."

The Height of Moral Courage.

Bowing from the top of a Kensington 'bus to a lady with whom you have danced at Almacks the night before.

While there's Life there's Hope.

A clergyman, remarkable for the simplicity and force of his style, was one day discoursing on the text, "Unless ye repent, ye shall all perish." Anxious to impress upon his hearers the importance of the solemn truth conveyed in the passage, he made use of a very striking figure. "Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent, ye shall as sure perish"—placing one of his fingers on the wing of a large fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted—"just as sure, my friends, as I'll ding the guts out o' this blue flee." Before the blow was struck the fly got off; upon which the minister, at the top of his voice, exclaimed, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

The Man in the Moon.

On a recent moonlight night a mother had the following observation made to her by her son:—"It maun be a' nonsense, mither, about there being folk i' the moon!" "What way, my man?"—"Ou, because how could they crush themselves thegither when it is only *half-moon*?"

Candid.

A man advertises for a "competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Brittle Vows.

A lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

A Hollow Editor.

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stovepipe at three cents a foot. (That beats us *hollow* !)

Contempt the Best Weapon to Punish Fools.

"Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?"—"What am de use ob kicking every cur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

For External Application Only.

"Ache—ache—ache,"
Cried the rheumatic,
As in his room attic
He lay in a blanket, ensconced to the chin;
"What shall I take—
Brandy, or rum, or whisky, or gin?"
Doctor.—"Take it *without*—but not *within*."

Easy Shaving.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked the barber of a victim, who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy; but, if you're shaving me, it goes rather hard."

Who Can Do It?

It is a very good lesson, though it is learnt with difficulty, and rarely practised—to love those who hate us. Who can do it?

The Money Market.

“You scoundrel,” cried a distinguished stockbroker last week to a pickpocket plying his trade, “what are you about with my purse?”—“My dear sir,” was the mollifying answer, “what is a man to do with money at seven per cent.?”

Health Insurance.

A thin, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company, on the first day of May, and inquired:—“Ish to man in vot inshures de people's helts?” The agent politely answered, “I attend to that business, sir.” “Vell, I wants mine helts insured; vot you charge?”—“Different prices,” answered the agent; “from three to ten pounds a-year. Pay ten pounds a-year, and you get ten pounds a-week in case of sickness.” “Vell,” said mynheer, “I wants ten pounds vort.” The agent inquired the state of his health. “Vell, I is sick all te time. Ise shust out to bed two, three hours a-tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more goot for me.” “If that's the state of your health,” returned the agent, “we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health.” At this mynheer bristled up in great anger. “You must tink Ise a pig fool; vot! you tink I come pay you ten pounds for inshuring my helts ven I vas vell?”

Cure for Sea-Sickness.

The following simple remedy has seldom failed to give almost instant relief:—Make some green tea, strong, with just as much sugar as will make it palatable, and bottle it up. When sickness begins to come on, take about a cupful; if that does not prevent the vomiting, let the stomach be completely emptied; take the same quantity, more or less, as the stomach is able to receive it, repeat it two or three times, and restoration will take place.

Rather Slow.

A man in New Orleans walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the sidewalk.

A Cure for Toothache.

Glancing over an old number of *The Lancet* the other day, we found the following remedy attributed to a Doctor Blake:—Apply to the decayed tooth (when the pain does not proceed from rheumatism) a mixture of two drachms of alum, very finely powdered, and seven drachms of nitrous spirit of ether.

Book Printing.

The following twenty-two occupations are engaged to produce a single book: the author, the designer, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the type-founder, the press-maker, the ink-maker, the roller-maker, the chess-maker, the reader, the compositor, the pressman, the gatherer, the folder, the stitcher, the leather-seller, the binder, the copper-smith, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller.

Invention of Printing.

The invention of Printing took place about the year 1437. The honour belongs to Germany. The main idea is generally attributed to John Guttenburg. The first experiments were made in a house at Mayence. Caxton, the first English printer, was born in Kent; and was apprenticed to a mercer, who died, leaving to his apprentice a sum of money, with which he went to Holland. He returned, and set up a printing-office, where he produced, in 1474, the first book ever printed in England.

Getting Rid of a Bore.

A *soi-disant* naturalist was boring Hook with the distinctions in formation and habits between two animals of the same *genus*. Hook, who neither knew nor wished to know anything about it, exclaimed—"It flashes on me now, I see the distinction—it's just the same in swine." "In swine!" cried the astonished naturalist. "Yes," said Hook; "you know some *pigs* are driven, and some *pigs* are lead."

The Physician and Apothecary.

Rowland Hill rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, to be always so well, he replied—"My physician has been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

The Doctor Settled.

Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

The Knife and the Ham.

There is a story extant of a young wag who was once invited to dine with an old gentleman of rather sudden temper. The dining-room was on the second floor, and the principal dish was a fine ham. When the old gentleman undertook to carve it, he found the knife rather dull, and, in a sudden passion, flung it down stairs after the servant, who had just brought it. Whereupon the young gentleman seized the ham and, with admirable dexterity, hurled it after the knife. "What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he could speak.—"I beg your pardon," was the cool reply, "I thought you were going to dine down stairs."

Effectual Remedies.

The Earl of Chatham, who did not much like his physician, jeered him on the inertness of his medicines, and the general inefficacy of his prescriptions. The doctor, to exonerate himself from the charge, said he defied any patients to find fault with him. "I believe you," replied the earl, "for *they are all dead.*"

Degrees of Comparison.

In a certain school, when the scholars were parsing, the word *waif* occurred in the sentence. The younger, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then, as a bright idea struck him, burst out with—"I can parse it. Positive, waif; comparative, wafer; superlative, sealing-wax!"

Incombustible Dresses.

By putting an ounce of alum or sal-ammoniac in the *last* water in which muslins or cottons are rinsed, or a smaller quantity in the starch with which they are stiffened, they will be rendered almost unflammable, or, at least, will with difficulty take fire; and if they do, will burn without flame. It is astonishing that this simple precaution is so rarely adopted.

The Duel settled by Cash.

A Frenchman was to fight a duel with an American; the conditions were that but one shot should be exchanged, and that the precedence should go by lot. The Frenchman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted his weapon, the other called out, "Hold, I will buy your shot!" All were astonished at so strange a proposition; but his opponent answered, "What will you give?"—"Five hundred pounds!" "Nonsense!" cried the Yankee, taking aim again. "I am a good marksman—you set too low a value on yourself!"—"You estimate me at too high a price; but I will give you a thousand pounds." "Agreed!" cried the Yankee, and the duel was at an end.

Hints for Travellers.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way: "*N.B.*—When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is still surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent Roads, in England: "This is the bridle path to Feversham—if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."

Selfishness Outwitted.

A few weeks ago an old gentleman and lady were coming from Davenport when the train was crowded. A young man got up and gave the old lady a seat, while his companion, another young gent., remained steadfast, and let the old gentleman stand. This did not suit the old gentleman, so he concluded to get a seat in some way, and, quickly turning to the young man on the seat beside his wife, he said, "Will you be so kind as to watch that woman while I get a seat in another carriage? She takes fits." This startled the young gent. He could not bear the idea of taking charge of a fitty woman, so the old gentleman got a seat, and his wife never was known to take a fit afterwards.

The Plague and Fear.

The Eastern story says, that once upon a time a pious moslem was worshipping at sunrise, when he saw a hideous phantom approaching him, and the following conversation passed between them:—"Who art thou?"—"The Plague." "Whither goest thou?"—"To Cairo." "Wherefore?"—"To kill ten thousand." "Go not!"—"It is destined that I should." "Go, then; but slay not one more than thou hast said."—"To hear is to obey." After the plague was over the tale goes on to say that, at the same hour and in the same place, the phantom once more appeared to him, and the holy man again addressed him thus:—"Whence comest thou?"—"From Cairo." "How many persons hast thou destroyed?"—"Ten thousand, according to my orders." "Thou liest; twenty thousand are dead."—"Tis true; I killed ten thousand—Fear carried off the remainder."

A Pathetic Appeal.

The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to James I. for assistance in these words: "Help me, dear sovereign lord and master! and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a *bag*, be not now in my age forced, in effect, to bear a *wallet*; nor that I, who desire to *live to study*, may be driven to *study to live*."

Imperial Wit.

It is said that on a recent occasion Prince Jerome called upon his Imperial nephew at the Tuileries, and commenced a tirade of violent reproach, levelled mainly against the reluctance of the latter to set the army on the march for Italy. Amongst other things the old Prince is said to have exclaimed, "You have not a drop of the Great Napoleon's blood in your veins."—"Well," replied the immoveable Emperor, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders," giving at the same time such a shrug of the appendages mentioned as indicated a violent desire to rid them of their onerous burden.

The Deaf Gentleman.

One night the city of London was visited by a tremendous gale, the roaring of which reached the auricles of a deaf gentleman, much to his terror and dismay. The next day, upon proceeding to his counting-room, his whole mind impressed with the severity of the gale, and supposing everybody was talking about it, he met an acquaintance, who accosted him with the usual greeting: "Good morning."—"Blowed hard—blowed very hard." "How is your lady this morning?"—"Like to have blowed me out of bed—out of bed."

No Cause for Ingratitude.

"Mr. C—— has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply, "I have never rendered him any service."

All Vowels.

There is a common Scotch story of a conversation carried on over the counter in vowels. A matron is "shopping," and, looking up from the fabric under inspection, puts the question, "Oo?"—"A," is the reply. "A' oo?" is the next interrogatory. Again the draper replies affirmatively; and his customer has but one more question to ask, "A' ae oo?" for she must not only know that the article is "wool," and "all wool," but that it is "all *one year's* wool."

A Keen Retort.

"What is the difference," said a lawyer's clerk, who boasted of his atheistical principles, to a late Archbishop of Paris, "between a bishop and an ass?"—The Archbishop good-humouredly smiled, and said he could not decide. "The one bears a cross on his back, the other on his chest,"—and the atheist laughed loudly at his own wit. "Do you know the difference," said the prelate, a few minutes afterwards, "between a lawyer's clerk and an ass?"—The clerk was constrained to answer "No." "Ah, well," said the bishop, *no more do I!*"

A Countryman's Cure for Love.

"This love is a mighty quare affection, ain't it?"—"Thremendious. I had it once myself." "How did you ketch it?"—"I didn't ketch it at all; I took it natural." "And did you ever get cured, Mike? Tell us."—"Completely." "How?"—"I got married."

A Dark Con.

"Pompey, why is a journey round dis world like a cat's tail?"—"Well, I doesn't adzactly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases." "Well, den, I spec I'll have to tell you:—Bekase it am fur to the end of it!",

The Three Degrees of Comparison.

An excellent turn was made a few days since at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts—altogether too good to be lost. A gentleman remarked that —, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get *on*, then he sought to get *honour*, and now he is trying to get *honest*."

A Curious Epitaph.

The following affecting epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:—

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute:
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

A Servant Girl's Remedy.

A gentleman, observing a servant girl, who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh, indade!" said she, "so I have!—Be plased sir, to help me to turn the table round!"

Most Tolerable and not to be Endured.

Beau Brummel was reading the paper one day at Long's. A gentleman standing near him sneezed three times. After the third spasm Mr. Brummel called out, "Waiter, bring me an umbrella; I can bear this no longer."

Taking an Auctioneer at his Word.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not selling these goods, I'm giving them away." "Then," said Finn, coolly, "I'll thank you to hand me that silver teapot you have in your hand." A roar of laughter, in which the auctioneer joined, greeted the remark of the professional wag.

An Accommodating Exhibitor.

A Frenchman who was exhibiting some relics and other curiosities, produced, among other things, a sword, which he assured his visitors was "de sword dat Baalam had." A spectator remarked that Baalam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Ver well, dis is de one he wished for."

Must have been an Irishman.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend; who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river, and was drowned."

A Natural Result.

A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching a cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

A Good Dutch Reason.

"Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?"—"Do not, really." "Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans, it ish his name."

Jerrold.

An elderly gentleman was in the habit of meeting Jerrold, and pouring long, pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long, limping account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter." "I wish to Heaven you had," was Jerrold's reply.

Irish.

An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh-bone.

Irish Again.

An Irish gentleman at cards, having on inspection found the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short; who put it in?"

A Hint to Advertisers.

A bookseller advertises "New Children's Books." This is somewhat like the man who advertised "Red Children's Stockings—Black Men's Leather Gloves—Plain Ladies' Fur Soles—and Mahogany Children's Chairs!"

Forming an Acquaintance.

George Selwyn, happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting in the Rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What! don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cutlee*.—"I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn; "and when I next go to Bath, I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

Voltaire's Definition of a Physician.

An unfortunate gentleman expected every day to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

A Scene.

A shrew'd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astounded his maiden instructress, who was fast approaching a "certain age," by the following translation:—"Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap!"

Utile et Dulce.

A cobbler in Mobile, who also professes to teach music, has the following sign over his shop-door:—

Delightful task, to mend the tender boot,
And teach the young idea how to flute.

Frequent Shaving.

An honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, said—"Dree dimes a-week, every day but Soontay—den I shafe every day."

A Dutchman

being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy, for rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added—"I dosh petter as that—I drinks de brandy, and then I rubs my leg with te pottle."

A Monkish Bull.

An Italian monk has written a life of St. Francis Xavier, where he asserts, that by one sermon he converted *ten thousand persons* in a *desert island*.

General Foy

using the word "aristocracy" in the French chambers, a voice from the ministerial side demanded the construction he put on that word. After a short pause, the General exclaimed, "Aristocracy, in the nineteenth century, is the league, the coalition of those who wish to consume without producing, live without working, occupy all public places without becoming competent to fill them, and seize upon all honours without meriting them: this is aristocracy."

Indigestion.

A French writer calls dyspepsia "the remorse of a guilty stomach."

Very True.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her nightcap.

A Crowded House.

The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for his dinner.

Legal.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

A New Line.

The best line to lead a woman with is a Mascu-line.

A Simile.

"That 's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

Good Advice.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now. Never hire servants who go in pairs—as sisters, cousins, or anything else. Never speak contemptuously of womankind.

A Baffled Burglar.

In the Quartier Latin, Paris, a student was lying in bed, to which he had gone supperless, trying to devise some means to raise the wind. Suddenly, in the dead of night, his reveries were disturbed by a "click." Stealthily raising himself in bed, he saw a burglar endeavouring to open his desk with skeleton keys. The student burst into fits of laughter; the affrighted thief, astounded, inquired the cause of his glee. "Why, I am laughing to see you take such trouble to force open my desk and pick the lock, to find the money which I cannot find, though I have the key." The thief packed up his implements, politely expressed his regret for having uselessly disturbed him, and transferred his talents and implements to some more Californian quarter.

Juvenile Revenge.

"Now, spos'n you was to be turned into an animal," said Jem, "what would you like to be, Bill?"—"Oh, I'd like to be a lion," replied Bill, "because he's so ——" "Oh, no, don't be a lion, Bill," interrupted little Tom, who had had some painful experience at school; "be a wasp, and then you can sting the school-master."

Sarcasm.

The height of pugilistic sarcasm was reached one day by Jem Mace, who, speaking of a rival accused of beating his wife, said, "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage-stamp."

Tough Steaks.

The witty man of the Middle Temple students said at a city chop-house the other day, "I won't pay for steaks as tough as these; no law can compel me to; they're not legal tender."

Reform your Tailor's Bill.

A provincial paper publishes the following:—"Lost, yesterday, a small blue morocco pocket-book, containing a variety of papers—among the rest a tailor's bill for £20. Any person finding the same will please to pay the bill, and nothing more will be said."

Changing One's Name.

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?"—"Sure, no one but me eldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?"—"Barney Octoolan, ma'am." "Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?"—"Troth, ma'am," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

Very Obliging.

An advertisement in a country paper begins—"To be let immediately, *or sooner if required,*" &c.

Mind your Points.

A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a *bolster full of rage and jealousy*, smothers her."

Going to the Sea-side.

The attractions that draw so many people to watering-places in the hot season are thus poetically enumerated:—

Some come to partake of the waters,
 (The sensible, old-fashioned elves,)
 And some to dispose of their daughters,
 And some to dispose of themselves;
 Some come to squander their treasure,
 And some for their funds to improve,
 And some from mere love of pleasure,
 And some for the pleasures of love;
 Some come to see what is old,
 And some to learn what is new,
 But most—it is plain to be told—
 Come here because other folks do!

A High-souled Beggar.

The other day a Yankee gave a beggar woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she, "take them back, sir; I asked for charity; I can't do anything with two cents." "My dear madam," said the polite donor, "I beg you'll keep the cents, and give them to some poor person."

High Time to Study Politics.

Bonaparte once, at a party, placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said, very abruptly, "Madam, I don't like that women should meddle with politics."—"You are very right, general," she replied, "but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural they should desire to know the reason."

A Melancholy Fact.

A female correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a sight she saw, lately, that made her smack her lips. It seems a pity that the ladies in that city have to smack their own lips. In this latitude the men are always ready to save them that trouble.

Having Your Own Choice.

An old gentleman says that he is the last man in the world that would tyrannize over his daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he does not care whom she loves.

A Little Slower.

A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from his dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that?"—"Yes," replied the youth, drawing out each letter, "but it's a little slower."

Musical Enthusiasm.

A certain musical amateur is walking gravely along, with his left hand fixed in a frame: "Holloa! what's the matter?" cries a friend.—"Oh! my friend," he replies, with an impassioned accent, "I have had the happiness to have this hand pressed by Piccolomini, and I have had it framed!"

Poverty.

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

Courtship.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered no."

Awkward.

"What ugly child is that under the window, Susan?"—"Why, that is mine," replied Mrs. J——. "Oh, call the dear, beautiful, pretty little creature in, and let me kiss her."

Ode by an Italian Organ-Grinder.

Eternal Rome, who sat on seven hills,
 Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
 Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
 To grind opposing nations to the dust.
 And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
 Nor is there city where ye may not find
 Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
 They still go forth—their mission still to *grind!*

The End.

'Twas twilight. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, and the bright rays which streaked the horizon had disappeared. A lovely female, who had been but one short week a bride, and been led to the hymeneal altar with lively anticipations of future felicity, sat in a secluded apartment with her husband. She slowly moved her sylph-like form towards the partner of her bosom, raised her delicate hand, and—*slapped his face with a dishcloth.*

The Last Remedy.

A minister having occasion to visit one of his parishioners in the way of condolence regarding her husband, who, the worthy good-wife had too good cause to suppose, was in a backsliding condition, remarked, after some conversation, "Well, Janet, could you think of any plan we could fall on to induce Andrew to attend the church again?"—"Aweel," replied Janet, after a pause, "I ken o' nane, sir, unless you would set down a whisky bottle and a tobacco pipe in the top of the seat."

Deception.

At a hotel in Ohio a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining-hall, so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look again in the glass your body is distended to the extreme of corpulency.

Pecuniary Advantage of Kissing.

Debster reduces everything to mathematics. He got married because kissing saves fifty per cent. on his sugar tax. Old bachelors will please notice.

A Yankee Advertisement.

A down-easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed with comfortable fixins, five hundred dollars in hard pewter; one that's had the measles, and understands tendin' children, can find a customer for life, by writin' a small *billy dux*, addressed to Q. Z., and sticking it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, joinin' the hogpen."

Slightly Ambiguous.

Mr. T— is at present in California, leaving his wife here. The affectionate lady recently wrote him a letter, commencing thus:—"My dear husband, oh! never tell me that absence kills love. The longer you stay away the more I love you."

Cockney Advice.

Don't carry your handkerchief in your breast-pocket. If you do, you take a wiper to your bosom.

A Promising Official.

A contemporary, noticing the appointment of a post-master, says—"If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

Business before Pleasure.

A queer genius being asked why he did not attend the funeral of his wife, replied—That he could not leave his shop, and that it was always better to attend to business before pleasure.

Ready Wit.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?"—"No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counsellor, "they are all *new suits*."

Various Authors.

Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a box-full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time as men of the present day use tobacco.

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by *Ziulus*.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

Shakespeare, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives *Hotspur* credit for a portion of his own disposition when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Peter Corneille, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation; as was also *Addison*, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

Handel was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of fifty pounds a-night from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

Young wrote his *Night Thoughts* with a skull and a candle in it before him. His own skull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

Dr. Young was fond of coffee in an afternoon; till, finding it prejudicial to his nerves, he intimated his intention of abstaining from it. His grandson, who was then a little boy, inquired into the particular motive that led him to this resolution. "My reason is," answered the Doctor, "because it keeps me awake at night. I can't sleep for it."—"Then I beg you, sir, not to leave off your coffee; otherwise you will give us no more *Night Thoughts*."

It is said that *Dryden* was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort on tragedy.

Bembo had a desk of forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession before they were published; and at each transition they received correction.

Milton used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make; at other times, his unpremeditated lines flowed easy, with a certain impetus and cestrum, as himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number. These may appear trifles; but such trifles assume a sort of greatness when related of what is great.

Hint to Lawyers.

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So, taking the egg between them, each sucks an end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

Three Temperate Reasons.

Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman:—"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day.—"No, thank you," replied Mr. B. "No! why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement.—"In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am secretary of a temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

Wanted.

Couldn't somebody invent a soap to enable *mammas* to get their daughtars off their hands?

Something for Bachelors.

"How many genders are there?" asked a school-master.—"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue-eyes; "masculine, feminine, and neuter." "Pray, give me an example of each," said the master.—"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I am a girl." "Very well. Proceed."—"I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old bachelor."

To Live.

We see too many men willing to live to no purpose, caring only to be rid of time; on what terms soever, making it their only scope of life to live;—a disposition that may well benefit creatures which are not capable of any other aim save merely their own preservation; but for men that enjoy the privilege of reason—for Christians that pretend a title to religion, too base and unworthy. Where God has bestowed these higher faculties He looks for other improvements. What a very poor thing is it only to live! but to live for some more excellent end is that which reason suggests and ultimately perfects. How much ill might be avoided if men never repeated aught that they had heard without first considering their immediate right to do so, and the ultimate consequences which so doing might produce. Popular commotion is always to be dreaded, because bad men always arise to mislead its efforts: how desirable it is that it may be prevented, by conciliatory measures, by timely concession of rights, by redress of grievances, by reformation of abuses, by convincing mankind that Government have no other object than faithfully to promote the comfort and security of individuals, without sacrificing the solid happiness of living men to national glory, or royal magnificence! The happiness of domestic life flows not from the beauty that enchants the eye, or the graces that captivate in a ball-room; and it is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that those who succeed best in amusing strangers, are not always found to be the most enlivening members of the circle assembled round the fireside of home.

Composition and Decomposition.

One of Bishop Bloomfield's latest *bon-mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subjects of his two archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition."

Mendicant Perseverance.

A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where yer honour lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements."

Singular Typographical Error.

The *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, of the 17th June, tells us that, "On Monday last, Mrs. R. Major, Bridport, invited a party of *Fiends* to a picnic at Eype."

Longevity.

How long does man sometimes live? is a question which has frequently occupied attention. Prior to the Deluge, according to Scripture, the span of human existence was very much protracted. Thus, Adam, our first progenitor, lived 930, Seth 912, and Mahalaleel 894 years; but the great patriarch of all antediluvians was Methuselah, "whose days were 969 years when he died." Subsequent to the Flood, the period of man's pilgrimage on earth became much diminished, very few persons being ever recorded in holy writ who attained a quarter of the very great ages just named; whilst in more modern times, or during the Christian era, instances of either men or women living beyond a century and a-half are exceedingly uncommon, where the true age could be authenticated. "A few slothful men have attained to extreme old age, and so have a few gluttons and drunkards, or, at least, hard drinkers; but for the most part, and in an incomparably greater proportion, long lives have been distinguished for their sober and industrious habits."

A Novel Inquiry.

A small boy walking in the street with a big hat on, a stranger cries out, "Halloo, hat! where are you going with that boy?"

A Numerical Joke.

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but very indifferent, some of his brother barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who could help it, when there were a hundred judges on the bench?"—"A hundred judges! There were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were *one and two ciphers*."

Buying Goods Asleep.

A fat descendant of one of the old Dutch burghers of this goodly city was, a while ago, attending an auction sale. Everybody knows that, at these sales, a nod is taken for a bid. Very soon after the sale commenced, the Dutch merchant, who had sat up late the night before, fell into a comfortable snooze; in which condition, as people are apt to do who sit and sleep, he kept

Nid, nod, nodding.

The auctioneer, supposing he was buying goods all the while, knocked down several lots in his name. The sale was closed, and the Dutchman, unconscious of having made any purchases, rubbed his eyes and returned home. It may be supposed, then, that he was prodigiously astonished, the next morning, when a bill of goods as long as his arm, purporting to have been purchased by him the day before, was sent to him. "Here's a bill of your goods, sir," said the mercury of the yardstick. "Mine goots!" exclaimed the Dutchman: "wat goots?"—"Why, the goods you purchased yesterday at auction." "Mine Gott! I buys no goots yesterday. I attend a sale to be sure, but I did not pid." "Not bid! How comes it, then, that the goods were struck down to you?"—"Mine gracious! now I tinks how it was: I get ashleep, and while I was noddin, de auctioneer made de mistake."

Judicial Wit.

After the trial of "Elvey v. Harris and another," about the warranty of bullocks, which immediately followed a trial about some lambs, (both trials occupying two days,) Mr. Serjeant Shee proposed to take a case relating to the quality of turnip seed on the following day, instead of immediately going on with it. Mr. Justice Willes replied, "Certainly not, Brother Shee; I have kept the jury for two days on lamb and beef, and I am not going to bring them here for another day to keep them on turnips."

A Dutchman on Matrimony.

An old Dutch tavern-keeper in New York had his third wife, and being asked for his views of matrimony, replied, "Vell den, you see, de first time I marries for love—dat was goot; den I marries for beauty—dat vas goot too, about as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for monish—and dis is petter as poth!"

The Bible—A Motto for it.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.—*Scott.*

Toilet for Gentlemen.

For preserving the complexion—temperance.
To preserve the breath sweet—abstinence from tobacco.
For whitening the hands—honesty.
To remove a stain—repentance.
Easy shaving soap—ready money.
For improving the sight—observation.
A beautiful ring—a family circle.
For improving the voice—civility.
The best companion at the toilet—a wife.

A Lover's Dreams.

An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune, told her "he could not sleep for dreaming of her."

The Three Sieves.

Before we allow ourselves to find fault with any person behind his back, we should ask ourselves three questions:—1. Is it true? 2. Is it kind? 3. Is it necessary?

Riches have Wings.

Two brothers of the name of Rich were lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have since emigrated; thus shewing that riches take to themselves wings, and flee away.

An Attorney's Business and Pleasure.

His business is from ten till four; his pleasure six-and-eight.

A Queer Barometer.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury Plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him—"Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton looked around, and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm, suddenly arising, drenched him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined if possible to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision of knowledge of the weather of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly."—"Will ye, sir? I will, then," said the boy, scratching his head and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What!" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way the black ram turns his tail?"—"Yes, sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his new discovery.

A Musical Emperor.

One evening last winter, at a concert at the Tuileries, at which the orchestra of the Conservatoire was performing in matchless style the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, his Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, more moved than usual by the "concourse of sweet sounds," beckoned to M. A——, the arranger of the concert, and asked him, in a loud tone—when "all that noise would be over?" (*quand ils en auront fini avec tout ce bruit?*)—*Literary Gazette*.—[This is very like the anecdote told of the Mayor of Leeds. At the recent festival, on one occasion he is said to have asked—in reference to a fine orchestral display—"When will all that fiddling be over?"]

An Emperor's Dream.

The Emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chase, and wandered in the forest far from his train, after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men, pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamt that he took his hat, and, accordingly, took it off. The second, saying he had dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said he hoped there would be no objection to his feeling his pockets; and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting-horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you." So, putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and, entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. "Here are four fellows," said the emperor, "who have dreamt what they please: I must also dream in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged;" and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

The Plural Number.

"What," inquired a schoolmaster, "is the plural of penny?"—"Twopence!" shouted the sharpest in the class.

"Never Doth Run Smooth."

"Mother, what makes the ocean get angry?"—"Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

Sheridan's Apology.

The late Mr. Sheridan, to the honour of whose talents no one will deny the claims of his country, had never been the *slave* of *punctuality* in his parliamentary attendances. Upon his marriage with his last lady, the *honey-moon* so completely absorbed his attention, that St. Stephen's Chapel had not the honour of his presence for above a month, during which some important debates had occurred. On the night of his next appearance, in the course of a very eloquent speech, he advanced some charges against the minister, which had been previously recited in a debate during his absence. Mr. Pitt, who was not over-eminent for his *devotions* to the *fair sex*, in replying to Mr. Sheridan's argument, observed, "that if the honourable gentleman had been somewhat more punctual in his parliamentary duties within the last month, he might have had an opportunity of hearing some statements that might have saved him the trouble of the allusions he had just made." Mr. Sheridan rose to explain. "He took shame to himself that his absence on *any* occasion should warrant the *chastening* reproof of the right honourable gentleman. It was, he believed, well known to the House, that his absence for the last month was occasioned by *certain other indispensable duties in another quarter*, which, he was sure, would plead his apology with every member present except the right honourable gentleman, whose total inexperience upon that subject would render anything he could say in explanation perfectly unintelligible." This *cut* at the *cold* character of the *chaste* premier excited a general burst of laughter.

Credit.

Dobbs thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

Puffing and Finishing.

"Well, I'm blowed," as the hot tea said to the old lady, who cooled it by successive puffs. "You're drunk," as the old lady said to the hot tea when she had emptied the cup.

A RUM Excuse.

A man who had broken his pledge of abstinence excused himself on the ground that no stamp had been affixed to the oath when he took it.

Anecdote of Burke.

It is well known that the celebrated Edmund Burke, on his first *débüt* in life, improved himself not a little under the banners and patronage of the opposition, for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Seacocke, a baker, but who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin Hood, near Temple Bar. On a certain memorable occasion in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke, exclaiming "*I quit the camp!*" suddenly left the opposition benches, and going over to the Treasury side of the House, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked for attack, nearly in the following words: "That gentleman, to use his own expression, has *quitted the camp*; but he will recollect that he has quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the House, for neither I nor that gentleman have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from being astonished at that gentleman's present tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural that he who, on his first starting in life, should commit so gross a blunder as to go to a *baker's* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career by coming to the *House of Commons* for his *bread*."

Smart Answer.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?"—"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

Labour Lost.

Two young gentlemen ran a foot-race one Sunday for the honour of escorting a belle to church. The winner found she had just gone with another fellow.

Winning?

A Wisconsin man ate seventeen hard-boiled eggs, thereby winning a wager of \$2 50c. That amount deducted from his doctor's bill of \$37, still leaves him in arrears \$34 50c.

Circumstances alter Cases.

General Todtleben's father-in-law, a rich merchant of the name of Hanf, did not much like his daughter's marriage with the young cadet of engineers. During the siege of Sebastopol, however, thick and fast came the tidings which blotted out the lieutenant, the captain, the colonel, and gave Hanf a general for a son-in-law. "Daughter, I love Todtleben for your sake," says the worthy merchant. Suddenly, Hanf himself was created a baron by Nicholas, in consequence of the son-in-law's services. The new noble forthwith had an inscription attached to the front of his dwelling, from which he removed his business, till then carried on there. The inscription ran thus: "House of the baron Hanf." One day two officers called at Todtleben's, and asked, "Was madame at home?" entering before the maidservant knew what to reply. The wife happened to be coming down stairs at the moment. The officers bowed low, and one of them said, "Excuse our visit; it is to beg you to tell your husband that I, the Grand Duke Constantine, and my brother here, the Grand Duke Nicholas, could not leave the capital without offering our respects and congratulations to his wife." They then withdrew. When the father-in-law heard this, said he, "Daughter, I love you still better for the sake of Todtleben."

A Lazy Fellow.

Mrs. Jones, of Iowa, wants a divorce, because her husband loafes around home to see her run a sewing machine for his support.

Walk In.

In New York an India-rubber car is about being invented which, when cram full, will hold a couple more.

A Toast.

This is a favourite toast at New York supper parties: "Champagne to your real friends, and real pain to your sham friends."

Sarcastic.

An ugly old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."

Anecdote of Frederick the Third.

Frederick III., king of Prussia, one day found a Dutch merchant at the door of his palace, called Sans Souci, whom he politely accosted, and asked if he wished to see the gardens. The merchant, who did not know his majesty, answered, "He was afraid he could not have that satisfaction, as he understood the king was there at that time." "Give yourself no concern about that," replied Frederick, "I will undertake to shew it you myself." He then led the merchant into the most beautiful part of the garden, and desired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had shewn him everything that was remarkable, the Dutchman took out his purse, and would have given some money to his guide. "No," said the king, "we are not allowed to take anything, we should lose our places if we did." The merchant thanked him, took his leave very politely, fully persuaded that he had been speaking to the inspector of the gardens. He met the gardener, who said to him very roughly, "What do you do here? the king is yonder." The Dutchman told him what had happened, and praised very much the politeness of the gentleman who had shewn him the garden. "And do you know who that is?" asked the gardener; "it is the king himself!" The astonishment of the Dutchman may be easily imagined.

A Nice Critic.

"Is the dialogue in this opera," inquired Simpson of his neighbour, in the pit at Covent Garden, "in prose or verse?"—"Really," was the reply, "I have such a cold in my head I can't distinguish!"

Tom Hood's Reasons for not Writing his own Life.

My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those "bald biographies" that content the old-gentlemanly pages of Sylvanus Urban. My birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and to court the cook and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though, on the one hand, I have not taken my degree with Blucher, yet, on the other, I have rusticated at the Open Air School, like the poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax; and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been third in a duel, or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little romance about it, that its head has never troubled us with a tale. My own story, then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the parish clerk, who was only notable, after all, amongst his neighbours, as a swallower of loaches. To conclude, my life, "upon my life," is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory, and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning, and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it.

The Best Thing Out.

Out of debt.

The Worst Thing Out.

Out of temper.

Apples.

Speaking of apples, it is remarkable that the first apple in Paradise should have turned out the first pair.

Anecdote of Philip the Second.

Philip II., walking one day alone in one of the cloisters of the Escorial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which that house was adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bambis; if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service." "And my name," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good."

After you, Sire.

At a grand review by George III. of the Portsmouth fleet, in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard much of your agility; let us see you run up after that boy." "Sire," replied Lord Lothian, "it is my duty to *follow your majesty*."

A Mad Clockmaker's Last.

A common domestic clock, "a kitchener," having run down, Jones, with unblushing effrontery, observed, that it had come to an *untimely* end!

Anecdote of Dr. Webster, A Scotch Minister.

In 1774 Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them. None were admitted without an order except noblemen's servants. Webster, being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance. "What lord do you belong to?" said the doorkeeper.—"To the Lord Jehovah," replied Webster. "The Lord Jehovah," repeated the keeper; "I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a lord. Jack," said he to his fellow-keeper on the front steps, "here's a chap who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such a lord?"—"Never heard of him," says Jack. "But," said Webster, (willing to keep up the illusion,) "there is such a lord." "Pass 'im in," said Jack, "I 'spose it's some poor Scotch lord." This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1783. Now the people are intelligent and happy, and can not only read and write, but have found out who the "Lord Jehovah" is.

Ages of British Statesmen.

Lord Brougham, 89; Earl of Derby, 69; Earl Russell, 75; the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, 62; Lord Cairns, 49; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 58; Lord Stanley, 42; the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, 57; Earl of Malmesbury, 60; the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, 60; Earl Granville, 53; the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, 53; Sir Stafford Northcote, 50; Earl of Clarendon, 68; Duke of Marlborough, 46; Lord John Manners, 50; Duke of Argyll, 45; the Right Hon. Ward Hunt, 52; Duke of Richmond, 50; Sir George Grey, 69; the Right Hon. H. T. L. Corry, 65; Lord Halifax, 67; Earl of Mayo, 46; Mr. Bright, 57; the Right Hon. R. Lowe, 56; Earl of Kimberley, 42; Viscount Cranbourne, 38; Earl of Carnarvon, 37; Marquis of Abercorn, 56.

Origin of the National Debt.

The National Debt consists of sums borrowed by Government to make up deficiencies of revenue. Charles II. was the first King of Great Britain who borrowed money on the national credit; this began in 1660. At the abdication of James II., in 1688, the amount of the debt was £660,000. But it was his successor who established the system. The Revolution, and the consequent banishment of the house of Stuart, involved us in a long and costly war with Louis XIV. of France, who espoused the cause of our exiled king. The seat of his son-in-law, William III., upon the vacated throne, was by no means secure. A large and powerful party of Englishmen still remained true to James II., as king *de jure* (of right), and many others only just tolerated the sway of the *de facto* sovereign. Money, far beyond what the ordinary revenue of the country would provide, was required to defray the heavy expenses of the struggle which we were compelled to wage in defence of our religion and liberties; and it was felt that it would be dangerous in the extreme to impose new taxes sufficient to meet the demand.

The cause of Louis was the cause of James, and it was not to be expected that the adherents of the latter would quietly submit to heavy imposts designed to furnish means for destroying their fondest hopes. It was, therefore, determined to borrow money upon interest, and to repay it when the resources of the country were in a more flourishing condition. But the exigencies of the public service went on increasing, and loan after loan was contracted. Other wars were engaged in—again the national expenditure became greater than its income, and ministry after ministry added to the debt, until not only do we find it existing at the present day, but, notwithstanding that large portions of it have been paid off from time to time, existing to the enormous extent of eight hundred millions of pounds! besides sums due upon Exchequer Bills, (promissory notes issued by Government for temporary purposes,) which constitute the unfunded debt.

The term *fund* applied originally to the taxes or funds set apart, as security, for repayment of the principal sums advanced and the interest upon them; but

when money was no longer borrowed to be repaid at any given time, it began to mean the principal sum itself. In the year 1751, Government began to unite the various loans into one fund, called the Consolidated fund, (which you must not confuse with that of the same name into which part of the revenue is collected,) and sums due in this are now shortly termed consols. These come under the general denomination of stocks.

Chinese Aphorisms.

*From the "Book of the Way of Truth," by Lao-tseu,
who flourished 600 B.C.*

Men of superior virtue are ignorant of their virtue. Men of inferior virtue do not forget their virtue. Men of superior virtue practise it without thinking of it. Men of inferior virtue practise it with intention.

I possess three precious things; I hold and preserve them as a treasure:—the first is called affection, (love of mankind;) the second, economy; the third, humility. I have affection, therefore I can be courageous. I have economy, therefore I can expend largely. I dare not be the first, and therefore I may become (I am fitted to become) the chief of all men. But now, men leave affection to abandon themselves to courage; they leave economy to give themselves up to profusion; they leave the lowest place to seek the highest. These things lead to death.

When heaven desires to save a man, it gives him affection to protect him.

He who knows how to suffice to himself is safe from dishonour. He who knows when to stop never stumbles or falls.

There is no greater misfortune than not to be able to suffice to oneself.

There is no greater calamity than the desire of acquiring.

The sage relishes what is without savour. He avenges the injuries he receives by benefits. He begins by easy things when he meditates difficult things; by small things when he meditates great.

Great passions necessarily expose their possessor to great sacrifices.

- The saint seeks not to do great things; for that reason he can accomplish great things. He who thinks many things easy is sure to encounter numerous difficulties. Hence it happens that the saint who esteems everything difficult encounters no difficulty to the end of his life.

A tree of large circumference sprang from a root as delicate as a hair; a tower of nine stories arose out of a handful of earth; a journey of a thousand leagues began by a step.

Be attentive to the end as well as to the beginning, and then you will not fail.

To know, and to think that we know not, is the highest pitch of merit. Not to know, and to think that we know, is the common malady of men. If you are afflicted at this malady you will not be infected with it.

The saint clothes himself in coarse raiment and hides precious gems in his breast.

Beware of thinking your dwelling too small for you; beware of becoming disgusted with your lot.

The net of heaven is immense; its meshes are wide, and yet nobody escapes.

The sage fears glory as much as ignominy. Glory is something low. When a man has it, he is filled with fear; when he has lost it, he is filled with fear.

You may entrust the government of the empire to the man who fears to undertake to govern the empire.

The most excellent arms are instruments of misfortune; they are not the instruments of the sage. He uses them only when he cannot dispense with them, and places above all things calm and repose.

If he triumphs he does not rejoice. To rejoice at victory is to love to kill men. He who has killed a multitude of men ought to lament over them with tears and sobs.

Tardy Advice.

A landlord observing a guest sitting so near the fire as to endanger his clothes, cried out, "Sir, you will burn your stockings!"—"Why," replied the stranger, "do you not say my boots?"—"Because they are burnt already."

Repartee.

The celebrated Beau Nash, thinking to confuse the simplicity of a young country lady in the Assembly Rooms at Bath, asked her, with an impudent air, if she would tell him the name of Tobit's dog. The rustic fair one, so far from exhibiting any confusion at so strange a question, looked fixedly at the beau, and replied, "The name of Tobit's dog, sir, was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was!"

Reflection.

Another young lady at a ball was much molested by a gentleman who had a very red face. His rudeness causing the young lady to blush deeply, he exclaimed, with a laugh, "Ah, my dear madam, you blush from rusticity!"—"Pardon me, sir," answered the young lady, with a meaning look at his rubicund visage, "I blush from *reflection*!"

Shaving under Difficulties.

An English gentleman entered a barber's shop at Calais, and addressed the master:—"I am delicate about the skin. Shave me without cutting me, and I will give you a sovereign. Cut me, and here are two loaded pistols!" The barber, nothing daunted, shaved the delicate chin with admirable skill. "Humph," said the Englishman, "then my pistols did not alarm you?"—"No, sir." "And why not?"—"If my razor had slipped," said the barber, "I should have finished by cutting your throat." The Englishman disappeared.

The Marquis and the Cure.

A French marquis, with more money than brains, riding out one day, encountered a poor *cure* mounted on a jackass. "Ha, ha, father! how goes the ass?" cried the marquis.—"On horseback, my son—on horseback!" answered the *cure*.

A Ride through the Rapids.

At a small Indian village we pause for a moment to receive on board our steamer an Indian pilot, who takes complete control of the vessel; four men are at the wheel, the rudder is shipped aft, and four men are stationed at it. There is hardly a breath of air stirring, everything is calm and quiet; and our steamer glides as noiselessly and gently down the river as she would an ordinary canal. Suddenly a scene of wild grandeur breaks upon us; waves are lashed into spray and into breakers of a thousand forms, by the dark rocks they are dashed against in the headlong impetuosity of the river. Whirlpools, narrow passages beset with rocks, a storm-lashed sea—all mingle their sublime terrors in a single rapid. In an instant we are in the midst of them; now passing with lightning speed within a few yards of rocks, upon which, were our vessel but to touch, she would be reduced to an utter wreck before the sound of the crash could die upon the air; again shooting forward like an arrow towards a rocky island, which our bark avoids by a turn almost as rapid as the movement of a bird. Then, from crests of great waves rushing down precipices, our craft is flung upon the crests of others as they recede; she trembles to her very keel from the shock, and the spray is thrown far in upon her decks. Now we enter a narrow channel hemmed in by threatening rocks, with white breakers leaping over them; yet we dash through them on our lightning way, spurning the countless whirlpools beneath us. Forward is an absolute precipice of waters; on every side of it breakers, like pyramids, are thrown high into the air. Where shall we go? Ere the thought has come and gone, we mount the wall of wave and foam like a bird, and glorious sublime science lands us a second afterwards upon the calm, unruffled bosom of a gentle river. The seemingly dangerous Lachine Rapid is left behind us, and onward we come, and the fear and excitement of our apparently perilous descent gives way to admiration as we gaze upon the gigantic structure before us, spanning the river, the "Victoria Bridge." Passing under one of its arches, we make a detour round the river, and are safely landed at the Lachine Rocks, Montreal.

A Young Painter.

Little Annie's parents had the minister, an esteemed friend, stopping with them to tea. Annie watched him very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman.—"I'se making your picture." So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for awhile. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "'Taint a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it, and call it a dorg." Fancy his feelings! What a likeness there must have been!

Anecdote of Alexander the Great.

Alexander the Great, passing through Corinth, had the curiosity to go to see the philosopher Diogenes, who was there at that time. He found him seated in a covered tub, with the open part turned towards the sun. "I am the great king Alexander," said he to the philosopher.—"And I am the dog Diogenes," replied the philosopher. "I am a good man," said Alexander.—"Well, who has any reason to fear the good?" replied Diogenes. Alexander admired the subtlety of his mind, and the free manner in which he spoke. After having some conversation with him, he said to him, "I see, Diogenes, that you are in want of many things; I shall be very glad to give you my assistance. Ask of me whatever you please."—"Get then from between me and the sun," said he, "and do not take from me that which you cannot give me." Alexander was astonished, having never before met with any man who was above all human concerns. "Who is the richer man," continued Diogenes, "he who is contented with his cloak and his wallet, or he who, having an extensive kingdom, is not satisfied, and who every day exposes himself to a thousand dangers to extend its limits?" Alexander's courtiers were very angry that so great a king should so long honour with his conversation such a surly wretch as Diogenes, who did not even rise from his seat while he spoke to him. The king perceived their anger, and turning about, said to them, "If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes."

Too Bad.

A swooning woman can't be handled, says a German philosopher. You may hold an eel, a pickpocket, a pickle, or a politician; but a woman—nohow. Take a sample home and try.

Sticking to the Pudding.

I recollect once a ludicrous instance of this at the table of the late Lord Northwick. He recommended to the notice of a lady some sweet dish that was near him, when she replied, "Thank you, my lord, I have some pudding;" not apprehending her answer, he again and again, at short intervals, urged her to taste the dish, and received the same inaudible reply, when the lady's lout of a country servant considered he ought to explain matters. He therefore approached Lord Northwick's chair, and putting his mouth close to his lordship's ear, vociferated with all his lungs, "*My lord, missus says as she'll stick to the pudding.*" The effect was electrical, but no one enjoyed the joke better than the deaf lord himself.—*The Season Ticket.*

A Love Letter.

From Kate, Duchess of Buckingham, to her husband, the Duke of Buckingham, slain by Felton, in 1628:—"My Lord, Since I heard the news of your landing, I have been still every hour looking for you, that I cannot now till I see you, sleep in the nights, for every minute, if I do hear any noise, I think it is one from you, to tell me the happy news what day I shall see you, for I confess I long for it with much impatience. I was in great hope that the business you had to do at Portsmouth would 'a been done in a day, and then I should 'a seen you here to-morrow, but now I cannot tell when to expect you. My Lord, there has been such ill reports made of the great loss you have had, by the man that came first, as your friends desires you would come to clear all with all speed. You may leave some of the Lords there to see what you give order for done, and you need not stay yourself any longer. Thus beseeching you to come hither on Sunday or Monday, without all fail, I rest your true loving and obedient wife,—K. BUCKINGHAM.

Poor Dog.

There is a story of a Paris lady who was so overcome by her appetite as to eat her beloved lap-dog. After a hearty meal, she looked down at the little heap of bones; tears fell from her eyes. "Poor Bijou!" she exclaimed, "how he would have enjoyed them!"

The Wrong Patient.

A servant girl went to an apothecary for some castor oil, to be mixed with something which should disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon and oil. But she still lingered, waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the man informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, gracious," she cried, "I wanted it for a man who is sick!"

Will of an Earl of Pembroke.

Imprimis. For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or whom they are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop; then came the Scots and made him a Presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered, I have been an Independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can have a soul, I may claim one: therefore, if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.—*Item.* I give my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of his own parks.—*Item.* I give nothing to Lord Say; which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.—*Item.* To Tom May I give five shillings: I intended him more; but whoever has seen his History of the Parliament, thinks five shillings too much.—*Item.* I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.—*Item.* I give up the ghost.

A Reason.

"John, why wilt thou do so?" This was said by a Quaker merchant in America to Johnny, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, and that not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man; thou always gets caught?"—"Why, massa," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the times."

Too Weak.

The "oldest inhabitant" has been reading a series of articles on the adulteration of liquors, and has arrived at a somewhat singular conclusion. The analysis of those liquors shewed an average of about sixty-five parts of water to thirty-five of spirits. "They don't give the spirits a fair chance," says the aged bacchanal; "they'll keep on fooling with water till it depopulates the earth again."

A Wine Bath.

An American traveller in the streets of Paris seeing the words, "Wine baths given here," exclaimed, "Well, these French are a luxurious people!" Then, with true Yankee curiosity, and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, he walked in, and demanded a "wine bath." Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having to pay but five francs, he asked, in some astonishment, how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humour, replied, "Oh, massa, we jest pass it along into another room where we gib baths at four francs." "Then you throw it away, I suppose?"—"No, massa; den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who ain't so berry particular, who will bathe in it after this, at two francs a-head. Den, massa, we lets de common people hab it at a franc apiece." "Then, of course, you throw it away!" exclaimed the traveller, who thought this was going even beyond Yankee profit.—"No, indeed, massa!" was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa; we are not so 'stravagant as dat comes to; we jest bottle it up den, and sends it to 'Merica for champagne!"

Animal Food.

A rough individual, whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete, had been sick, and on recovering was told by his doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats."

Miss Sedgwick on Health.

It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed, in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty: a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation on the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as a few now do die, as if falling to sleep.

American Smartness.

There is a rather good story told at the expense of one of our countrymen who accompanied the Commission to Washington. He was at a ball dancing with a charming American girl, and remarked, that though he had seen many beautiful women in the States he had seen no handsome men. His partner replied, "I suppose there are plenty of handsome men in England?"—"Oh! yes, lots."—"Then why didn't Queen Victoria send some over here?" was the *naïve* reply.

Sad Change.

One of the most amiable and gentle of men, who had hitherto borne the character of being the best of husbands, actually boasted the other evening to a friend who dropped in unexpectedly, that he had that moment beaten his wife hollow. The unhappy lady was found close to a chess-table.

The Post-office and the Grog-shop.

"I sat on a log," says Mr. Kelly, in his recent work, *Life in Victoria*, "to take a deliberate survey of the locality, and commenced making some marginal notes with my lithograph plan spread out on my knees, when I was noiselessly joined in my meditations by a tall, gaunt man, with a peaked beard, who bent poring over the sketch, chewing his quid all the time as if he was not aware of my presence. At length, giving a few vigorous chaws, and sending a jet of tobacco juice across a neighbouring right-of-way, he said, 'Well, stranger, I guess you air agwine to locate somewhere hereabout.'—"Not exactly," I replied. 'Specklate thin?'—"More like it," said I. 'No bad idee neither, I sware,' he remarked, biting a good mouth-mark out of a cake of Cavendish. 'It's a pretty tidy place, by gums,' he continued, 'an' if the gold don't give out, will raylise hansum; but if I fixed on snappin' up a location in a new township, I would keep my eyes penned for the plantin' of the post-office, an' open a public right off nex' door. Every coon comes to the post to send or git, and I'll be dogged but good news deserves a drain, an' bad news requires it; so it pays at both inds like.'"

A Willing Martyr.

Scotch Carrier: "Eh, bit that's strong whuskey! Bit U'll no spile the taste wi' water. U'll rather thole 't?"

A Powerful Remembrance.

During a night walk through St. Giles's, by way of a short cut towards home, an Irish woman came up to him. "Why, Misther Adolphus, and who'd a thought of seeing you in the Holy Ground?"—"And how came you to know who I am?" said my father. "Lord bless and save ye, sir! not know ye! Why, I'd know ye if ye was boiled up in soup!"—*Recollections of the late John Adolphus.*

The Benefits of Adversity.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are sweeter still.—*Rogers.*

Keep the Mouth Shut during cold Weather.

Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment, to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says—"Before you leave the room, bundle up well gloves, cloak, and comforter; shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement: but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impossible, if you don't get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year.

Base Ingratitude.

Going "tick" for one's milk, and then flippantly telling Simpson to "chalk it up."

"Never Entertain a Grudge."

Let the leaves of your mental diary of wrong be of "blotting" paper.

Contradiction in Terms.

A friend who has just returned from the North of France says he is at a loss to know why the Prussian troops there are described as "the army of occupation." He says they look very much in want of occupation, poor fellows.

On the Wrong Horse.

People will keep saying that what France requires is "a stable government." Pshaw! If its recent governments had not had so much of the stable, they would not have saddled the country with so much debt. France has been jockeyed enough!

A Successful Suitor.

He took her fancy when he came;
 He took her hand; he took a kiss;
 He took no notice of the shame
 That glowed her happy cheek at this.
 He took to coming afternoons;
 He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
 He took her father's silver spoons;
 And after that he took his leave.

Mischief Brewing.

The Sanitary Inspector of New York reports that several horses have been poisoned by the strychnine in brewers' grains! If beer is to be taken *cum grano* in this way—with a grain of strychnine—we think it is time to go against the grain of the brewers. If they convert their hops into a dance of death in this way, it is time some of them were treated to a dance upon nothing. If they poison us when we take a pull of beer, we will give them a drop—of six feet—in return.

The Glove.

An old gentleman of the name of Page found a lady's glove, and sending it to the owner with this distich, received the accompanying reply:—

“If from that glove you take the letter G,
Then glove is *love*, and that I send to thee.”

ANSWER.

“If from that Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is *age*, and that won't do for me.”

Compulsory Drought.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., in a lecture lately delivered to working men on the subject of America, spoke favourably of the stringent but not absolutely prohibitory liquor laws of Massachusetts. He remarked, that “The practical result of these stringent laws was that a drunken man was nowhere to be seen, and that a thirsty one would have to travel through many streets before he came to a liquor shop.” Here are good and ill; but more ill than good. It is good to see a drunken man nowhere; it is ill, being thirsty, not to be able to get beer anywhere. A just liquor law would repress drunkenness by some means not necessitating sober people to faint for thirst.

Not to be Sold.

Do the Germans expect to have Heligoland
Any sum to be named by out-forking;
Which would be, they may fancy we don't understand,
Their first step to the Battle of Dorking?

What's the next place our friends will invite us to sell,
In resolve to keep that if we falter?
Very likely they'll want to buy Malta as well;
Having bought it, to purchase Gibraltar.

The best fleet they can they've a right to create;
We have none to withstand their endeavour;
But to help them become a great Maritime State
Were magnanimous rather than clever.

Though to rule the waves we may believe they aspire,
If their navy grow great, we must let it;
But if one British Island they think to acquire,
Bless their hearts, don't they wish they may get it?

Weeds Grow Apace.

If, says an American paper, Brigham Young wore an additional "weed" on his hat every time he lost a wife or mother-in-law, it is estimated his hat would have to be 27 feet high. "He'd be a weedower with a vengeance," remarks a Scotch friend.

Copyrights.

Lord Macaulay possesses the copyrights of his "History;" but the Messrs. Longman own the "Essays" and the "Lays." Mr. Murray is the proprietor of Lord Mahon's "History of England." Lord Campbell has kept his "Lives of the Chief-Justices," but has sold his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors." The Messrs. Blackwood are the fortunate proprietors of Sir Archibald Alison's "History." Mr. Hallam retains his own copyrights. Mr. Carlyle is the owner of the "French Revolution;" but Messrs. Chapman & Hall are the proprietors of "Cromwell's Speeches." Mr. Dickens has a share in every one of his works; but has only one copyright entirely in his own hands—"Oliver Twist"—bought back from Mr. Bentley for, we believe, five times the sum Mr. Bentley gave first. Mr. Thackeray is a first shareholder with Bradbury & Evans in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and joint-shareholder with Smith & Elder in his "History of Henry Esmond." Sir William Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" is part the author's and part the property of Messrs. Boone. Dr. William Smith has not a single share in any of his admirable Dictionaries. Bradbury & Evans possess the copyright of Mr. Forster's "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith." Dr. Layard is the proprietor of his three books about Nineveh. Mr. Ruskin holds all his own copyrights but one—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and that is the property of Smith & Elder. Mrs. Jameson possesses her "Legends of the Madonna," and her "Legends of the Monastic Orders." Mr. Warren has no pecuniary interest in his "Ten Thousand a-Year," or his "Diary of a Late Physician." Aytoun has sold his "Lays," and Barry Cornwall retains a half share in his "Songs." Mr. James owns some of his novels; so also does Mrs. Gore some of hers.

Nomine Omine.

The settlement of our difference with the United States and the satisfaction of the Alabama Claims, are not exactly things of which the nation needs to be proud. But everybody must have guessed from the constitution of the Commission that the only result must be the humiliation of England. She was de-Greyded at the very outset.

The English and the French Contrasted.

England is a very boastful country, but there is not one of her many boasts so highly cherished, yet so utterly unfounded, as that of her domestic ties. I know that in saying this I call down thunderbolts up on my head. I care not—truth is more precious than popularity. But to prove it; and first between husband and wife. Has any one who has lived longer in France than the author, ever heard of a husband, in any class of life, beating his wife, knocking her about with his fists, brutally asserting his superior strength, and taking advantage of her weakness, as we hear of every day in every class in England? And if to this it be answered that the husband abroad inflicts a far worse than bodily injury on his wife, and lavishes his love on some wretched mistress, I reply, that I do not uphold their morality, only their domesticity. Again, as between parent and child; where, tell me, do you see in England that tender affection, respect, and devotion, which we have seen a thousand times abroad in sons and daughters? Would it not appear even ridiculous to our cold eyes, if a dashing young dandy, starting in his cabriolet for his club, were to press a kiss upon his father's brow each time he left the house? Or where do you see in England generation after generation content to live together in the same house? Is it not almost a rule that the young married couple shall install themselves rather in wretched lodgings than in the same house with their parents? Nay, the love of honour from each child to parent is so strong in France, compared to England, that it is this which partly accounts for the number of made-up marriages; as many a son and daughter would rather marry a "cannibal at once than oppose the will of a father or mother."

The Land of Nod

The auction mart.

Quite Full.

Cooke was once in an omnibus. There was but one place left, and a very fat gentleman got in. Great difficulty arose in packing themselves to afford him a place. A delicate-looking young lady seeing his distress said, "I am afraid, sir, you have nothing to sit upon."—"Indeed, ma'am," said he, "I have a great deal, but I don't know where to put it."

The King and the Soldier.

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented. "But unless you can speak German the king will not give you so much."—"Oh, be jabbers!" said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German." "But," said the sergeant, "and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the Guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'twenty-seven;' next, how long you have been in the service? you must reply, 'three weeks;' finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations? you answer, 'both.'" Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms." "How old are you?" said the king.—"Three weeks," said the Irishman. "How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.—"Twenty-seven years." "Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.—"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

Bonaparte a Candidate for Employment in the English Service.

At the last ordinary meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, the Rev. W. Gaskell read the following extract from a letter of the Rev. Thomas Belsham, (dated Hackney, August 16, 1805,) containing an account of a visit which he had just paid to the Duke of Grafton, in which the following passages occur; and Mr. Gaskell wished to know whether any member of the society could confirm the statement made in it:—"Admiral Cosby told me one circumstance which was curious. When he was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, during the last war, at the time that we were in possession of Corsica, and when Sir Gilbert Elliot was Governor-General of the island, General Paoli introduced Bonaparte, then a young man, to the Governor and to the Admiral, as a friend of his who would be glad to be employed in the service of England; but these wise men, not having Lavater's skill in physiognomy, rejected the proposal, which obliged Bonaparte to offer his services to the French, and this was the rise of Bonaparte's fortune. I had often heard that Bonaparte had offered his services to the English and been rejected, but I hardly gave credit to it till I learned it from Admiral Cosby himself." Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Roberts said that, in their boyhood, they had often heard a similar statement made, but were not aware on what authority it rested.

Early Rising.

The morning of every day is the beginning of every man's life. One of your greatest errors—for I know you well, and do not mean to flatter you—one of your greatest errors is, that you do not seize on these beginnings of life so early as you might do. You lived yesterday to a good old age, and died last night after the powers of your mind and body were entirely exhausted. But I must remind you, my friend, that you have spent the greater part of the youth of this day in the state of the dead. The great business of your life was up before you; you have been running after it this whole afternoon, and I am afraid you will not overtake it till old age overtakes you.

Small Screw.

A clergyman was hesitating about the acceptance of a small preferment. It was just too little to enable him to live. "Pooh, pooh," said Sydney Smith, "think of me, I have always led the life of a razor, in hot water or in a scrape."

Particular.

Master: "Thompson, I believe that I have repeatedly expressed an objection to being served with stale bread at dinner. How is it my wishes have not been attended to?"—*Thompson*: "Well, sir, I reely don't know what is to be done! It won't do to waste it, and we *can't* eat it down-stairs!"

Soldier's Petition—an Anecdote of the late General Otway.

This officer had been many years in the service with the rank of colonel, during which time several junior colonels had got regiments over his head. His friends frequently entreated him to state his services, and petition the king; he resisted their importunities for a considerable time; but being at length prevailed upon, he desired the chaplain of the regiment he served in to draw up a petition, which being done and sent to the colonel, he took notice that it concluded with the words, "and your petitioner shall ever pray." He sent for the chaplain, and told him that he had made a mistake, and imagined he was presenting a petition for himself, by the manner he had concluded it. He desired the petition to be altered from the usual conclusion: he insisted that the word *pray* was unfit to come from an officer. It was to no purpose that he was informed of the usual mode of drawing the prayer of all petitions, he would not give up his opinion upon the matter; he insisted it should run thus—and your petitioner shall ever *fight*. He took the petition to court, and presented it to George the Third, who was pleased with the novelty of the conclusion, and the honest bluntness of the officer; and in the course of a few weeks a regiment became vacant, which he gave to Otway.

Good Artist.

Lady (who is rather plain): "My dear Cecil, when you have your photograph taken, you should always go to a good place, where the man is an artist. I had mine done the other day, and it is *quite beautiful!*"

A Martyr.

"I am," said a reverend rector of the old school to a Ritualist curate, "a martyr to the gout." "Pardon me, my dear sir," replied the latter. "happily, you still survive. You should not call yourself a martyr, but a confessor."

The Height of Absurdity.

Here's a case of lofty ambition:—A gentleman in Yorkshire has left the whole of his property to such of his descendants only as should reach the height of six feet four inches! Supposing he has no tall heirs, he will have no heirs at all. What then? Well, we suppose the property will be knocked down to the highest bidder!

The Dead Letter Office.

The "dead," or "returned letter" office, at the General Post Office, is a most important section of the establishment; and so much, in fact, has the business of late years increased, that the Postmaster-General has found it to be necessary to command the immediate erection of a floor above that of the sorting offices, on the north side of the hall of the office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, in order to facilitate this portion of the duty. It is intended to have an entrance in St. Martin's-le-Grand for the public, close by the new undelivered letter window, the office for inquiries in connection therewith forming part of the returned letter office. It is an extraordinary fact, that owing to failure in the attempts to deliver letters and newspapers imperfectly addressed, 2,400,000 of the former were returned to the negligent writers, thus involving the office in an unprofitable outlay of time and patience, and the revenue in the loss of a large sum of money in consequence; 155,000 newspapers were undelivered owing to the same cause.

Mutual Agreement.

Charles and his wife agree grandly on one point—she thinks more of him than of anybody else in the world, and so does he.

Contentment.

“A contented mind is a continual feast, my good man.” “Yes, sir, that may be true, but a feast is the best way of getting a contented mind.”

Kissing.

An Iowa teacher has been dismissed by the School Board for kissing the big girls. The girls say the Board had no right to interfere with their studies in that way.

Helping Himself.

The Mayor of Provence, R. I., has increased his own salary to 3000 dollars a-year. The vote in the council on the proposition was a tie, and his Honour felt in honour bound to stand by his friends, so he gave his casting vote on their side.

Where to get Him.

“So you are going to keep a school?” said a young lady to her maiden aunt. “Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children.”—“I would prefer that myself,” was the quiet reply; “but where is the widower?”

Scarcity of Funds.

The Sheriff of Charleston, S. C., advertises that he will receive no more prisoners at the Charleston jail, because the county is eight months in arrears for feeding the prisoners, and he is unable longer to obtain the necessary subsistence for them.

Hard Rub.

Happy Bridegroom: “More money, madam! more money!! Have you forgotten that ‘my’ money has bought everything you possess—the very dress you stand in?” *Fair Bride*: “No, sir! Nor have I forgotten that your money has bought what stands in it!”

What we Want in our Policemen.

1. Great agility, to catch the criminal. 2. Immense physical strength, to overpower him. 3. An acute and well-disciplined intellect, so as never to take up the wrong person. These characteristics are rarely to be found combined in one policeman, but by organizing picked men into little bands of three, great improvements may be expected.

Candid.

Henry Ward Beecher, during a late vacation, heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the "divine," and said, "That was a very good discourse, how long did it take you to write it?"—"Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply. "Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher, "it took me longer than that to think out the very framework of that very sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?"—"I am," was the reply. "Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

A Candidate for a Professorship.

A French gentleman sends us the following learned and entertaining epistle:—

"Mon Cher Friend,—I ave been since two month read much historie, and learn the English tongue ver much. I have study with the great Rambut, who sall give me many books and much historie for different nation. I sall learn much etymology, and find the English tongue ver old, and plus grand. I sall try give you somethings I find as I sall exactly remember.

"I read of one man of much remark of the nation of Medes, by name Archibald, and of the foreign country, and they call him Archy Medes. He did the Romans much trouble when they besieged Babylon, in making machines to lift their ships from the harbour over the city walls, and also likewise to blow up their powder magazines with his burning glass. This man, not before his death long, prophesied remarkable that one man ver great sall stand up named Pow Stow, who sall turn down side up this world. Now the great Rambut do

say that Pow in that tongue signify *wife*—so the Dutch say Frow—and that Pow Stow is this great Frow Stow or Wife Stow, or, in the Anglais, Madam Stow, who is turned this side of the world over in her books, and now been cross the ocean to turn more over the other.

“I read also another great man of Alick Sander, which is old Anglais for Sandy, as he have sandy hair. He were ver fond to drink toast, and ride wild horses and run over many country, and his horse was of name Busy Fellow, because he went so much. He much subdued all the Old World, and is found to have sit on a rock of the ocean and cry for a ship to cross him to the New World with his horse to run over it too, likewise, he was once much travelled.

“I read, too, in one ver old historie of one woman who first discover Europe. She did ride across the ocean on a bull to fly from a ver old money lender, of name Jew Peter, who will take her property all. I find not in my atlas of M. Michell from where she ave came. When she got near the shore of the land, the native threw to her a rope, to save her life from the sea, and so she call the land Eu-rope, which in that tongue sall mean a good rope. The bull have been turned for graze on to one little island, and was much pleasantly called John Bull by the native, and lived to old age, and have many descendants.

“I now desire very much to be Professor in Historie et Etymologie in Universtie some, and much thing vat I do learn I sall to you write. *Adieu.*”

Don't Wait.

A female lecturer says—“Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you?”

Cheerful for the Husband.

A lady who had very recently married, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was—silly man!—very angry, and said she offended common decency, when the young lady unwittingly exclaimed, “Pardon me, I did not know it was you.”

Can't Oblige.

A certain judge having been called on at a public meeting for a song, replied that it was not in his power to gratify the company. A wag, who was present, observed he was much surprised at the refusal, as it was notorious that numbers had been transported by his voice.

A Testing Question.

A young lady of Indianapolis was endeavouring to impress upon the minds of her Sunday school scholars the sin and terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, and when she said that for seven years he ate grass like a cow, she was astonished by a little girl who asked, "Did he give milk?"

In Trouble.

"Halloa, Bob, how are you?" Bob, who had been in jail for debt for some months past, answered, "Very well, thank you; but I have been in trouble you know." "What trouble ailed you?"—"A trouble past in duration."

Extensive Circulation.

The *Californian Express* says, "We are glad to learn that our contemporary has doubled its circulation—another man has subscribed."

An Extensive Wardrobe.

In Boston, a poor man, who less than one year ago had only one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and now has eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

Hot Weather.

The weather has been "all hot" in America. The Albany paper says—"We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away she was hanging the kettle out of the window to get her tea ready."

Not Easy.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person—"set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."—"So I do," said the toper; "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it!"

Nice Butter.

"This is nice butter, my boy," said a country store-keeper to a twelve-year-old urchin, who had brought a pailful of that article to market; "nice butter, I'll take all your mother has to sell."—"I don't believe she'll sell any more," said the boy, "'cause I heard her say she wouldn't have sold this, only a rat fell in the cream, so she didn't want to use it herself!"

A Pleasant Choice.

A M. Feuillet was travelling in a steamboat at the time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who on arriving felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering. "In the abdomen," replied the wounded man. "Indeed!—How did it happen to you?" The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed: "Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?"—"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts." "Very well, sir. I require that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"—"Yes, sir; it is indeed impossible." "It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"—"I experience precisely the same difficulty." "It must, therefore, be much easier for you to lie on your side."—"That is the only position I can lie in." "That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit, but then you will most likely die of inflammation; or we can extract it, but then it is not probable that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

How to Stop Swearing.

An intelligent lady, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the plan of washing out his mouth with soapsuds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of suds, produced the desired result. The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

What they Got.

Two chaps, becoming "hard up," endeavoured to "raise the wind" by stealing a cow and selling her. After driving the animal about eight miles, one of them, thinking of the money he expected soon to handle, asked his comrade in crime: "Say, Bill, how much do you think we'll get for this old thing?" Bill, whose thoughts ran in a different channel, replied: "About two years and a-half!" And they did—two years and a-half in the County Prison.

Terrible Times

In Warrington are thus depicted: A few weeks ago a dentist came to town, and advertised that he would "remove all a person's teeth for £2, and insert a new set for £10, besides giving six months' credit." The Warrington people are very fond of bargains, so there was a rush for the dentist's office. He was busy for two weeks pulling teeth out, and at the end of that time half the people had empty gums, and a bone-dust factory in the neighbourhood doubled its number of workmen, so as to grind up the teeth. While the people were waiting for the dentist to fit them with their new sets, the abandoned scoundrel eloped with the hotel-keeper's wife; and now there are two or three thousand people in the town who cannot eat anything tougher than soup or farina. All the butchers have failed, and not a cracker has been sold for six weeks. One man, it is said, whittled out a set of wooden teeth for himself; but the first drink of whisky he took—Warrington whisky—set them in a blaze, and his funeral came off the next day. The dentist will hear of something greatly to his disadvantage if he comes back.

A Widow's Use of Thunder.

Every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed ; and the consequence was that she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunderstorms rattled over her head.

Passenger left Behind.

An Irishman got out of the carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang, and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the train—"hould on, ye murtherin' ould stame ingin—ye've got a passenger aboard that's lift behind!"

Milk.

I dont kno (says Josh Billings) ov a more honest and salubrious sight than a brindle cow that wont kik, and who gives 10 quarts of milk that aint watered. It iz uncommonly hard to git a cow to give milk that aint watered now daze ; there is a grate difference in cows about this.

Safety.

A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, supposed it was owing to the fact that "in a multitude of *counsellors* there is safety."

A Medical Prescription.

"Have you no pen and ink?" said a doctor to a poor woman whose child he was attending.—"No," said the poor woman. "Well, I have lost my pencil; give me a piece of chalk." And the doctor chalked a prescription on the door, telling her to give it to her son when he awoke. "Take it, my boy, take it," said the old woman, lifting the door from the hinges and carrying it to the poor boy when he opened his eyes. "I don't know how you are to do it, I am sure, but the doctor says it is good, and you had better try it."

To be Taken in Small Doses.

Some tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss; the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an *affection of the heart*.

Prince Bismarck's Latest.

The authenticity of the following little discourse is guaranteed by a Paris correspondent. It was made by Prince Bismarck, in reply to a prelate alarmed at the strides made by the International Association:—"You must not be alarmed. Germany runs no danger. If some of these madmen are Germans, nothing can prevent them from cherishing Utopias. But we must remember that we have force on our side. Masters of the destinies of Europe, we have more serious questions to occupy us than that one. As for the French, they are only good to cut each other's throats."

Looking Forward.

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the man said when he threw a barrel in the way of the constable who was chasing him.

The Uncertain Quantity.

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, the reverend guest said, "I think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after dinner."—"Oh no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it's the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief."

Winning.

A man in Covington made a bet the other day that he could drink a pint and a-half of Cincinnati whisky in twelve hours. He won the bet, and his widow remarked at the funeral the next day that it was the first money that he had earned by hard work in ten years.

Rousseau says:

"No father can transmit to his son the right of being useless to his fellow-creatures. In a state of society where every man must be necessarily maintained at the expense of the community, he certainly owes the state so much labour as will pay for his subsistence, and this without exception of rank or persons, rich or poor, strong or weak: every idle citizen is a knave. The man who earns not his subsistence, but eats the bread of idleness, is no better than a thief; and a pensioner who is paid by the State for doing nothing, differs little from a robber who is supported by the plunder he makes on the highway."

"To become very wise, and of course very happy, to control the passions, is all which is necessary; and that may be easily done. To begin with Love:—When I see a beautiful woman, I will reflect thus: how soon those cheeks will lose their bloom, and that fair skin grow sallow and wrinkled! Those love-beaming eyes will lose their lustre; that elegant form bend tottering over a crutch; and those dark, glossy ringlets, whitened by the frost of age, fall from the declining head. By this means the most perfect beauty, smiling in youthful charms, will not have power to captivate me, as I shall already behold her in all the deformity of old age."

"In the second place, I will never be guilty of intemperance. The luxurious board, delicious wines, and convivial guests, shall be no temptations for me, because I will reflect on the consequences that attend excess: an aching head, disordered stomach, the loss of time, health, and reason. I will only supply the wants of nature; I shall then enjoy perfect health, my mind will be serene, and my ideas brilliant. I will require no effort to avoid excess."

"And in regard to fortune, my wishes are moderate. What money I possess is well secured in the public funds. I have sufficient to render me independent, and that is the greatest blessing in life. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of flattering any man in power. I shall envy no man, nor shall I be envied. I have friends, and I will preserve them. by not giving them cause to dispute with me. If I am never out of humour with them, they will certainly behave well to me. There is no difficulty in observing all this."

Mr. Reynolds

Once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of — without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him; and so it turned out.

A Jew,

Called on to justify bail in the Court of Common Pleas, the opposing counsel thus examined him:—
 “What is your name?”—“Jacob.” “What are you?”—“General dealer.” “Do you keep a shop?”—
 “No.” “How, then, do you dispose of your goods?”—
 “To the best advantage, my good fellow.”

Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon.

We soon saw the English coast, and made direct for Plymouth sound: the band playing merrily as we passed the different vessels lying at anchor, until we came in line with the Bellerophon, or, as the sailors called her, the old “ball-of-rope-yarn.” Almost within cable’s length of the floating prison that contained the mighty Napoleon,—the man who made continental Europe his play-ground, and crowned heads his puppets,—we dropped anchor amid the shouts of thousands who had congregated from all parts of the kingdom to get a sight of this wonderful man. The Sound was covered with every available craft that could be set afloat, all crowded with anxious spectators waiting the ex-Emperor’s appearance on the poop; and on shore also the people had gathered together in a dense mass, which appeared so compact that you might have walked upon their heads for miles. At length the fallen conqueror came on deck, accompanied by a guard of marines; and having taken his stand upon the poop, cast an eagle glance upon the surrounding multitude, and, taking off his hat, saluted his innumerable visitors. A settled gloom hung upon his brow as he viewed the stern realities before him; the muscles of his face were rigid, his lips compressed, and his penetrating eye fixed steadfastly upon the imposing scene.

A Toast.

Dr. John Egerton, on coming to the See of Durham, employed one Due as his agent, to find out the true values of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's reports, greatly raised both the fines and reserved rents of his tenants. On this account the following toast was frequently drunk in and about Durham:—"May the Lord take the Bishop, and the d——l have his Due!"

No Teetotaler.

In a conversation between a member of the Temperance Society and a Highlander, Donald defended the use of the concentrated essence of malt most manfully, and, as his own likings were concerned in the discussion, he made up in noise what he lacked in argument. "How many examples," said the advocate of temperance, "are every day brought before our notice, of the pernicious effects on individuals, and the ruin of families, by drinking; I would say more, even fatal effects; no later than yesterday, a poor drunkard died from indulging in whisky." "Stood there, now, my lad," said Donald in reply, "I am as far north nor you; never a man die in the world from teuking a good dram; no, no, never; it's the nasty water that they'll put into it."

Coleridge,

Lecturing in the Sam Johnson vein for more than an hour, went on: "At Shrewsbury I was accustomed to preach; I believe, Charles Lamb, that you have heard me preach?" pursued he, turning round to his fatigued friend, who meekly retorted, "Preach! I never heard you do anything else."

A Good Scholar.

A schoolmaster in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water," varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response, "Mud!"

How to Elevate the Human Race.

Send them up in balloons.

Clever Urchin.

"Oh, grandma!" cried a mischievous little urchin; "I cheated the hens so nicely just now; I threw them your gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and ate them up as fast as they could!"

Winding Up.

A father was winding up his watch, when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." "No," said the little girl, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want it to run all day."

Wrong Ticket.

A professional beggar lad, aged ten or eleven years, exhibited himself several days in succession with a board before him, imploring alms, on the ground of his having been "left with a family!" Unable to read, he had bought a wrong-ticket.

Bright and Brooks.

A visitors' book in a well-known locality in the Highlands has the following:—

Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,

Where deer and grouse have not supplanted men.

JOHN BRIGHT.

And immediately below—

Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,

Where mules and shoddy have not stunted men.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Poor Soul.

"La, me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the hegamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a painful phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

New Dodge.

The latest dodge in the thieving line has just been developed. The operators prowls about the back yards of boarding-houses, in the still hours of the night, imitating the sleep-disturbing strains of a Thomas cat harrowed by the deepest agony of unrequited love, and then go off with the boots, valises, and general chamber furniture projected out of the windows by the enraged boarders.

The Sick Wife.

Said John, "Dear wife, I've long been thinking
Your health is gradually sinking.
Your cheeks grow paler every day;
In fact, you're wasting fast away.
There'll soon be nothing of you left—
Oh! must I of you be bereft?"
"Alas!" replied the wife, "'tis true,
I feel that I must soon leave you.
What comforts then, my love, you'll miss—
The warm embrace and loving kiss,
Besides a host of other things
Brought to my mind on memory's wings!"
"Dear Jenny, set your mind at rest,"
He said; "whatever is is best.
Of Providence there is no lack—
He fits the burden to the back.
From you I will not hide, my life,
He'll soon provide another wife.
There, Jenny, now, don't look so cross,
He'll soon console me for my loss.
To Sarah Sands my mind I've spoken—
From her fair hands I'd this love token.
Her promise to the match is given,
Whene'er you wing your way to heaven.
Oh! we shall often speak, my dove,
Of your dear sainted form above."
"Wretch!" cried the wife, "d'ye think I'd die
That you may form another tie?
No, no! I'll live long years to spite ye;
Marry again, and I'll indict ye."
And so she lived, the story says,
To plague her dear spouse all his days.

Lieutenant Dennistoun,

Of her Majesty's ship Trident, which has just been paid off at Woolwich, received from the crew of the ship a somewhat strange testimonial. Personal manifestations in the shape of presents to officers being strictly against the rules of the service, the ship's company found a way to carry out their designs without infringing the regulations. Accordingly a silver collar was provided for Lieutenant Dennistoun's dog, on which was engraved, "Presented to the dog Shot, as a mark of respect and esteem for his master."

Pleasure.

It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure to a country miss just "come out," means a race ball, and so many partners, that she has danced till she can hardly stand. Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion means "a card for Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady ——." Pleasure to a school-boy means "tying a string to a school-fellow's toe, and pulling it till he awakes him." Pleasure to a man of inquiring mind means "a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first rate *artist* and a good dinner." Pleasure to a labouring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "having something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquarian means "an illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "liking nothing, despising everything, and proving every one a simpleton, except himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling." Pleasure to a sailor, "a fresh breeze and a sight of land." Pleasure to the afflicted, "a tear." Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers, "the last word of an argument." Pleasure to the social, "the human face divine!" Pleasure to the morose, "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, "the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—Finis." Pleasure to all, to every one in their own way, and that way a different one.

New Designation.

. "Pray, sir, of what profession are you?" said a learned counsel to a witness who had come to prove a fact, and who was not deemed a very respectable gentleman.— "Sir, I am a shoemaker and a wine merchant." "A what, sir?" said the learned counsel.— "A wine merchant and a shoemaker." "Then," said the counsel, "I may describe you as a sherry-cobbler!"

Time Gun.

A pitman, who had not been in Newcastle for a year or two, was lately standing near the northern entrance to the High Level Bridge, when off went the time-gun, and back fell our hero in a fright. "What's that?" he exclaimed, on recovering from the roar.— "Oh!" was the quiet answer, "it's only the gun striking one." "Maw sang!" said he, "but aw wadn't like to be here when it's striking twelve!"

A Prescription.

Hood thus playfully prescribes:—"Take precious care of your precious health; but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep? Why, then, don't smoke-dry it, or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it, like gooseberries. Don't pot, and don't hang it. A rope is a bad '*cordon sanitaire*.' Above all don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have 'thee on the hip.' Consider your health as your greatest and best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a 'clever hack,' of galloping consumption; or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight that may kick the beam and the bucket both at once. Besides, the best fence against care is—ha! ha! wherefore, care to have one all around you whenever you can. Let your 'lungs crow like chanticleer.' It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and, like a trumpet, makes the 'spirit dance.'"

Broken Hearts.

I hav herd a grate deal ced (remarks Josh Billings) about "broken hartes," and thare may be a fu ov them, but mi experience is that nex tew the gizzard, the harte is the tuffest peice ov meat in the whole critter.

Feeling.

It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly "the emptiness of things below."

Statistics of Population and Religion.

The Director of the *Statistical Bureau* of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:—The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1,288,000,000—viz., Europe, 272,000,000; Asia, 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 59,000,000; and Australia, 2,000,000. The population of Europe is thus subdivided:—Russia contains 62,000,000; the Austrian States, 36,398,620; France, 36,039,364; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407; Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 15,518,008; the two Sicilies, 8,616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,820; Sardinia, 4,976,034; Belgium, 4,667,066; Bavaria, 4,547,239; the Netherlands, 3,487,617; Portugal, 3,471,191; the Papal States, 3,100,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,648. In Asia, the Chinese empire contains 400,000,000; the East Indies, 171,000,000; the Indian Archipelago, 80,000,000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000. In America, the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7,677,800; Mexico, 7,661,520. In the several nations of the earth there are 335,000,000 Christians, (of whom 170,000,000 are Papists, 89,000,000 Protestant, and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek Church.) The number of Jews amounts to 5,000,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe,—viz., 1,250,000 in European Russia, 853,304 in Austria, 234,248 in Prussia, 192,176 in other parts of Germany, 62,470 in the Netherlands, 33,953 in Italy, 73,995 in France, 36,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600,000,000, Mohammedans at 160,000,000, and "heathens," (the Gentiles proper,) at 200,000,000.

The Man

Who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

Inclination.

Paradoxical as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are often the least inclined to be so.

Few like Me.

"The stately step of a piper" is a proverb in Scotland which reminds me of an anecdote of a certain noble lord, when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral, a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes, he applied to her Majesty's piper, a fine stalworth Highlander; and on being asked what kind of an article was required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than his wonted humour, "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me!"

Lately Made.

A teacher, a young lady, put this question to her scholars one morning,—“Who made you?” The oldest boy in school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and the youngest urchin in school. He answered promptly. The teacher, turning to the largest boy, said, “Are you not ashamed not to know what this little fellow knows?”—“He?” replied the big'un. “Thunder! I should think he might know—’taint a fortnight since he was made!”

Drunk.

Mr. Toot, coming home late one night from meeting, was met at the door by his wife. “Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning, you, the father of a family!”—“’Tisn't three—it's only one, I heard it strike; committee always sits till one o'clock.” “Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning.”—“I say, Mrs. Toot, it's one. I heard it strike one, as I came round the corner, two or three times.”

Those Ladies

Who have a passion for tea-parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

A Western Paper

Speaks of a wild turkey "shot by a gentleman weighing twenty-three pounds."

Give Him a Trade.

If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well-developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing resource through life, give your son, equally with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adaptation of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labour crafts are honourable and noble. The men of trades, the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with; they, above all other, in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown-handed trade-workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have, or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent, and better is independence with moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be, ordinarily, no difficulty in securing both the education and the trade for every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood defiant of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradeless, professionless young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune, that no mere outward possession can be counted as absolutely secure or protective

to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day, and their once possessor left with neither the means of independence nor of livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian king who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades, or be cut off from their expected princely inheritances. They demurred, but obeyed the decree. In time one reigned in his father's stead. In time, also, revolution came upon and overthrew him, and he fled disguised, wandering and companionless, save his wife and children; his sole resource for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade. The sons of the rich as well as the poor should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good.

A Yankee,

Who lately went to see "Macbeth," gave the following as his notion of the tragedy:—"After having witnessed the performance, from what I could make out of the play, I don't think Macbeth was a good moral character; and his lady appeared to me to possess a tarnation dictatorial temper, and to have exceedingly loose notions of hospitality, which, together with an unpleasant habit of talking to herself, and walking about *en chemise*, must make her a decidedly unpleasant companion."

Peppered and Mustered.

"So they've mustered out the battalion, have they?" said the ex-corporal.—"Yes," replied the high private, in a tone of regret. "Well," continued the ex-corporal, "depend upon it, that to be mustered out is better than to be peppered in, and marched away to the music of an imaginary brass band among a crowd of civilians."

Needn't Feel so Grand.

At Lynn, the other day, a Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she didn't know. The question was then put to an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman."

The Massacre of the Macpherson.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish;
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafhish;
For 'ie did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest ad gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Before we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty dhuiné wassails!"

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit ny person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot behaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!"

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
Tied the faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up ta water:

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t' ye!
Here's your fery good healths,
And tamm ta whusky duty!

Bon Gaultier Ballad.

"Mother,"

Said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm
in breaking egg shells?"—"Certainly not, my dear;
but why do you ask?"—"Cause I dropped the basket
just now, and see what a mess I am in with the yolks!"

Sterne,

Who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

To the Purpose.

June, 1871, Thermometer 32° Fah.—*Piscator ashore*: "Wot ye catchin'?" *Piscator afloat*: "A cold."

Charity Misplaced.

Cornwall is not a poverty-stricken county—far from it. Why, then, should Nature bestow her copper there?

A Curious Case.

The gentleman whose countenance fell on hearing of the loss of his property, is beginning to pick up a bit, and hopes soon to put a good face on it.

Fatherless.

There are two stories of the Rev. "Watty Dunlop" which deserve preservation. When a preacher, Watty was jogging along on his pony, and coming near a bridge, he saw a woman run out and snatch her child from before a chaise which was rattling up. "Deil grup ye," said the infuriated and affectionate mother. When he arrived at the other end of the bridge, a "soo" was interfering with the "bicker" of "parritch," which had been set out to cool. "Deil choke ye!" said the guidwife with uplifted tongue and fist, as grumphie scuttled off from the overturned and emptied bicker. Watty stopped and said, "Bide a wee, my wuman. He's thrang gruppung a bairn at the other end o' the brig, he'll be your length the noo." Whereupon she ran in, banging and barring the door after her.—Two young and profane blades wagered that they would "taigle"—that is, confound—Watty, and coming up to him in the main street of Dumfries, they said to him, "Maister Dunlop, dae ye hear the news?"—"What news?" "The Deil's deid!"—"Is he? then" (making off) "I maun awa' and pray for twa faitherless bairns."

The Doctor Outwitted.

When Dr. Dodge, an eclectic physician, was lecturing on the laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favourite subject; he addressed our Irish friend as follows:—"Perhaps you think that I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee."—"I don't know," said Erin, "I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"—"Sure and I will, sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor.—"Morning and night, sir." "Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?"—"I do; indeed I do," replied Erin. "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning!"—"Troth I do, sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whisky I drank." The company roared with laughter, and the doctor quietly retired. He was beaten.

How to Borrow Twenty Pounds.

Sowerby, the actor, who was one of the most careless of mortals, frequently borrowed money, and although there was not a particle of meanness in his composition, he almost as frequently neglected to return it. On one occasion, being pressed for twenty pounds, he called upon a friend named Montgomery, to borrow the sum; but the latter decidedly refused him, arguing that the other, though sufficiently honest, was a careless fellow, who never heeded the consequences of breaking his promise to return; and that he, Montgomery, had in consequence, on one or two occasions, seriously suffered great annoyance. Sowerby pressed his suit with earnestness, but the other was inflexible. At length Sowerby left the house in dudgeon, but returned within half an hour, apparently indifferent to what had occurred, and said, "Well, if you'll not

advance me any money, I presume that you'll not object to walk with me." "Certainly not," was the reply. He was muffled up in a great coat, which did not at all accord with the season, but Montgomery knew it was idle to thwart him a second time, and quietly submitted to his eccentricity. They went to the Saltmarket, at an hour when the place was densely crowded with merchants and men of business; and when they had arrived in the heart of the vast throng, and from which there was no possibility of retreat, with a daring fully equal to any of the exhibitions of Rob Roy on the same ground, Sowerby turned quickly round upon his victim, and said, in a calm tone, "I must have that twenty pounds." Montgomery, treating it half in jest, half earnest, again refused. Sowerby then firmly grasped his arm, at the same time renewing his entreaties; but Montgomery, notwithstanding his extreme amiability of disposition, at length was roused into a strong feeling of annoyance, and rebuked him rather sharply. Perhaps there never was a man more sensitively nervous than Montgomery upon any point that could by possibility bring him before the public out of his vocation, more especially when composed of all classes, such as were assembled in the Saltmarket. Sowerby knew this, and played with and tickled his victim like a trout, till he arrived at his object. He then, with a cool determination, and which the other knew it was vain to trifle with, repeated, "I must have the money, or I'll publicly expose you." "How!" said Montgomery, "what do you mean?"—"Simply this,"—he then partially unbuttoned his coat, and displayed beneath a harlequin jacket, with all its gay parti-colours and richly spangled.—"Now, you will walk with me in this dress, or lend the money." What was the result? Twenty pounds were immediately advanced!

Harrovin' Eatin'.

Scene—Neighbourhood of Lord's Cricket Ground, London. *Old Lady*: "Good Gracious! Mr. P'leece-man, wot ever is the matter?" *Policeman*: "Heton, mum, an 'undred an' sixty." *Old Lady*: "Eaten a hundred and sixty—the cannibals."

Nothing Made in Vain.

We are told that there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

Young Ladies

At needle-work are not always what they appear. They are sometimes seaming.

Cool.

An Irishman, who was recently run over by a whole train of cars on the Fitchburgh railroad, got up and asked for his cap the first thing, and afterwards said he "would not run such another risk for ten dollars."

A Proper Vehicle.

Tipsy Customer: "A pint o' whisky, please, shir."
Publican: "Ye'll get nae mair whisky here, M'Tavish. Haven't I told ye in plain English? D'ye want it in Latin or Greek?" *Tipsy Customer*: "No, thank ye, shir, I want it in a bottle."

A Clever Chap.

A young man who had spent a little of his time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting himself for the bar, was asked after his examination how he got on. "Oh well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old man, with a look of satisfaction, "and what was that?"—"They asked me what a *qui tam* action was." "That was a hard one. And you answered it correctly, did you?"—"Yes; I told them I did not know."

Dangerous.

An English traveller, on one occasion, conversing with the captain of a Mississippi steamer, paced with him up and down some planking laid on the top of a pile of barrels. They smoked their cigars with complacency, knocking off the ashes, and occasionally tossing a smoked-out stump among the cargo at their feet. "By the way, captain," said the traveller, "what have you got in those barrels?"—"Powder, I guess," quietly responded the imperturbable Yankee, preparing to light a fresh cigar.

The Value of a Wife.

An English sailor killed the wife of a Chinaman by accident,—an event which gave him considerable uneasiness. The woman's husband, hearing of the circumstance, came to the vessel, and after much talk, agreed to make it up with the man, compromising the affair for thirty dollars. The sailor was glad to escape so easily, and paid the money; when the Chinaman said, "It not matter so much, as she was an old wife, and he could get a new one for twenty-five dollars, which would leave five dollars to buy rice."

Legal Anecdotes.

Mr. Espinasse was conversing with Erskine and a Mr. Lamb, when Erskine remarked how much habit and the practice of speaking gave a man confidence in addressing the court. "I protest I don't find it so," said Mr. Lamb, "for though I've been a good many years at the bar, and have had my share of business, I don't find my confidence increase; indeed, the contrary is rather my case."—"Why," replied Erskine, "it's nothing wonderful that a *Lamb should grow sheepish*."

One night Erskine was coming out of the House of Commons when he was stopped by a member going in, who accosted him, "Who's up, Erskine?"—"Windham," was the reply. "What's he on?"—"His legs."

Erskine was colonel of the volunteer corps called "The Law Association." Some one wishing to quiz him, told him that his corps was much inferior to the Excise Volunteers, then notoriously the worst in London. "So they ought to be," good humouredly observed Erskine, "seeing that the Excise people are all Cæsars, (seizers.)"

Dr. Parr and Erskine were fond of bandying compliments amongst each other. Parr once told the latter that, if he survived him, he would write his epitaph. "You are wrong to say that, doctor," replied Erskine, "for you hold out to me an inducement to *commit suicide*!"

Serjeant Cockle, who was a rough blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery, he asked the witness, "Dost thou love fish?"—"Ay," replied the witness, with a grin,

"but I donna like *cockle* sauce with it!" The roar of laughter which echoed through the court rather disturbed the learned serjeant.

There is an anecdote something similar to the above related of Serjeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000. Serjeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said to him, sternly, "And pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth £3000?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. "That's all very good," said the serjeant, "but you want £60 more to be worth £3000."—"For that sum," replied the gentleman, in no ways disconcerted, "I have a note-of-hand of one Mr. Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to settle it." The laughter that this reply excited extended even to the bench; the serjeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed, in his usual urbane tone, "Well, brother Davy, I *think* we may accept the bail."

Dunning, while examining a witness, on a trial, asked him if he did not live at the very verge of the court.—"Yes, I do," was the reply. "And pray, why have you selected such a spot for your residence?"—"In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *Dunning*," was the retort.

A witness with a *Bardolphian* nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Coppernose, you have been sworn, what do you say?"—"Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold.

"Few of his friends," Mr. Dickens writes, "I think, can have more favourable opportunities of knowing him in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men. I remember very well that when I first saw him, in about the year 1835, when I went into his sick-room in Thistle Grove, Brompton, and found him propped up in a great chair, bright-eyed, and quick, and eager in spirit, but very lame in body, he gave me an impression of tenderness. It never became dissociated from him. There was nothing cynical or sour in his heart, as I knew it. In the

company of children and young people he was particularly happy, and shewed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, so sweet-tempered, so pleasing, and so pleased as then. Among my own children I have observed this many and many a time. When they and I came home from Italy, in 1845, your father went to Brussels to meet us, in company with our friends, Mr. Forster and Mr. Maclise. We all travelled together about Belgium for a little while, and all came home together. He was the delight of the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits, and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression that he left upon us who are grown up—and we have all often spoken of it since—was, that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good nature, in his cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us. Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the Strangers' Room of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word, (I am sorry to remember,) and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, 'For God's sake let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this.'

Scotch Drink.

Whisky is essentially Scotch. The name is derived from the Gaelic *uisge*—water, and whisky is sometimes called *uisge-beatha*—usquebaugh, or water of life. Something like fourteen millions of gallons are manufactured in Scotland yearly, the number of distilleries being 140, and duty for home consumption being paid on about half the quantity produced.

A Precaution.

A Western (American) lady, who had been deserted by two consecutive husbands, has contracted a third matrimonial alliance, which she hopes may be permanent, with a gentleman whose legs have been amputated.

Stop! Stop!

In a country village a little fellow of about six years of age was sent for a peck of meal to his grandmother. The shopkeeper having put rather much in the scale, was in the act of lifting some out, when the youth cried, "Stop! stop! my grannie's peck 'll haud it a'."

New Marriage Vow.

A contemporary proposes the following marriage vow for its lady readers, when occasion requires:—"I will continue to love my husband so long as he is lovable, honour him as long as he remains honourable, and obey him as long as his commands are just and reasonable."

Popping.

"Jacinto" says he once courted a Down-East gal, and "popped the question" to her; she immediately pitched her entire mass of lovely clay into his willing arms, and answered, "I want to know." No doubt "Jacinto" imparted the desired knowledge.

A Good Dodge.

A surgeon on the field of battle, who had previously been standing, suddenly bowed his head at the call of a wounded soldier, and at the same instant a cannon ball rushed past, passing over the very spot so lately occupied by his cranium. Surely he deserves to be called the "artful dodger."

Queer.

"Jonathan, where were you going yesterday when I saw you going to the mill?"—"Why, I was going to the mill, to be sure." "Well, I wished I'd seen you; I'd got you to carry a grist for me."—"Why, you did see me, didn't you?" "Yes, but not until you got clean out of sight."

Jim's Ideas.

We have all of us heard of the smiles of Providence. I was much pleased with Uncle Jim's ideas on that subject. "Good morning, Uncle Jim."—"Good morning." "Well, you've got your daughter married off, have you?"—"Yes." "Really, Providence smiled upon you."—"Smiled!—no, bless you, she snickered right out!"

A Late Duke of Athol

Had invited a well known character, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dunkeld for the transaction of some business. The duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the duke had forgotten the appointment, and gone to the hill, from which he could not return for some hours. A Highlander present described the Perth writer's indignation, and his mode of shewing it, by a most elaborate course of swearing. "But who did he swear at?" was the inquiry made of the narrator; who replied, "Ou, he didna sweer at onything partecular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at lairge."

Custom at a Drinking Bout.

Take the following, as an instance of a regular custom at a drinking bout, with the view of saving the guests from the horrors of suffocation:—Nothing can more powerfully illustrate the deep-rooted character of intemperate habits in families, than an anecdote which was related to me, as coming from the late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*. He had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat; on asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that's to louse the neckcloths." Here, then, was a family where, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats, in fear of apoplexy or suffocation.

Surprised and Astonished.

Professor Wilson was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. "You will allow, at all events," urged his antagonist, "that Napoleon *surprised* the Duke at Waterloo?"—"Ay!" exclaimed the professor, "but didn't the Duke *astonish* him."

Domestic Servants of the Olden Time.

We have some very racy passages regarding the position, familiarities, fidelity, and quaint habits of the domestic servants of the olden time—a class of warm-hearted, useful, but often troublesome and testy in-door functionaries who have now passed away. The following refer to genuine specimens:—The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon," to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt-spoon."—An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drank wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

Sharp Boy.

At the examination of a parochial school, a reverend gentleman was asking a class the meaning of words. They answered very well till he gave "back-biter." This seemed a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin, who looked sheepishly knowing, and said, "It may be a flea."

"The Good Die Young,"

Especially during the season of green fruit.

The "Agricultural Mind" at Fault.

At Loughborough fair, on the 13th inst., a countryman in search of a cow was looking about him in a state of incertitude, when Ephraim Jenkinson came up to him, seeing "Moses Primrose" written in his face, and civilly said, "What are you wanting, my good man?"—Moses replied, that he wanted a "k'yow." Coo would have been the word nearer Gateshead; but Moses, being a Midlander, said "k'yow." He wanted a cow, and a "good un." "How much money have you?" asked Ephraim, in a tone so benevolent that Moses would not have been surprised by the offer of a few sovereigns to help him to a suitable animal. Ephraim, however, made no such offer; but, if he proposed not to make a sacrifice in money, he was ready to make a sacrifice in kind—or kine. The wealth of the Midland Primrose was bounded by thirteen pounds; which, when Jenkinson heard, made him slightly hesitate; but, bent on befriending his protégé, he said, "Well! you may have your choice of these cows for your money." Moses then found that he was talking with the owner of the cattle before them; and, being a knowing hand among live stock, he singled out a real "good un." The thirteen pounds changed hands; Ephraim walked away; Moses was following his example with the "k'yow." It was much easier, however, to walk off unobserved with £13 in gold than with several stones of beef on four legs. "Hallo!" cried a third party, "what d'ye want with that 'ere k'yow?"—Moses explained that he had bought the cow of its owner; "gin him the money;" and was taking home his purchase. "Yeouw let the k'yow stand," was the reply. "Ye've gin the money to the wrong man. The k'yow's mine!" The "agricultural mind" had fallen into the same error as the Cockney sportsman, who gave half-a-crown to a Jenkinson for as many as he could kill of—*somebody else's ducks!* and only discovered his mistake when his successful shot brought farmer Jones to the door, and he was collared for damages.

Preparing for the Press.

Taking off one's glove to say good-bye to one's beloved.

What shall I Take?

A lady acquaintance, young, lovely, and intelligent, called in a celebrated physician to "do something" for a rush of blood to the head. "I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M.D., while he was feeling her pulse. "Ah! how?"—"Why, I have taken Brandeth's pills, Stainburn's pills, Sand's sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's lozenges and plaster, and ——" "Good gracious, madam!" interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these things do your complaint no good."—"No! then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient. "Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot. "Take!" exclaimed he after moments of reflection—"take, why, take off your corset!"

The Bricks and the Breeks.

Gordon, Laird of Craigmyle, was once visited by the eccentric Duchess of Gordon on some of her electioneering plans. She had heard that the excellent and worthy laird was making bricks on his property to build a wall. Her grace asked politely, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks get on?" The Laird of Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new leather portion of his attire, which he had lately had made; so looking down on his nether garment, he replied, in pure Aberdeen dialect—"Muckle obliged to your grace; the breeks war sum ticht at first, but they are doing weel eneuch noo."

How to make Soup.

An old Dublin beggar woman asked a lady, the other day, for a halfpenny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "but if you go to the soup-kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup is it ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant; do you call that stuff soup? Sure, and I'll just tell you how they make it: they get a quart of water, and they boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

A Devout Wish.

Miss Grymalkin, spinster, aged forty—(this number is arrived at by doubling the age at which she states she has arrived)—on seeing it announced that Mr. M'Lean, of the Haymarket, is selling engravings called "Man Proposes," said she should like to have an impression of it in her present frame of mind.

An Irish Homer.

About thirty-five years ago a tall blind man used to stand at the corner of Essex Bridge, Dublin, singing and reciting ballads which, if not very remarkable for wit, were more or less attractive to his audience on account of their singularity. One of his most striking and effective readings was that of a romantic version of the story of Moses in the bulrushes. This he always prefaced by inquiring, "Is there a crowd about me now? Is there any blackguard heretic listening to me?" Having been satisfied on these points, Zozimus is reported to have delivered a series of stanzas, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

In Egypt's land, upon the banks of Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
And to dry her royal pelt, she ran along the sand.
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling baby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
"Tare-an-ages, girls, which av yes owns the child?"

The poet, living in the O'Connell era, was a great admirer of the agitator, and celebrated O'Connell's election to the mayoralty with much enthusiasm. Zozimus died on Friday, 3rd April, 1846. A priest who went to visit him found the bard in a miserable room, lying on a straw pallet, and surrounded by a horde of ballad-singers, to whom, it seems, he was teaching the doggrel that was no longer of much use to him. "How are you, Mike?" said the priest.—"*I'm dictatin'!*" was the characteristic reply of the minstrel. He had a grand wake, and a funeral which no doubt Zozimus would have enjoyed but for the inactive part he was compelled to take in it.

A Roundabout Answer.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?"—"Oh! I is a carp'ner and jiner." "He! I guess yer is; what department do you perform?"—"What department! why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?"—"Why, I turns de grindstone."

Barnum Sold at Last.

Poor Barnum has himself been sold at last. The Indian girl who had swallowed the snake had been found all ready and quite willing to make a bargain for exhibition of her strange misfortune at New York. The great showman had sent his agent to secure the marvel of Nielwaukee, and likewise a doctor to procure information on the spot, and write the medical account of this strange phenomenon. The girl, with shrieks and screams, refused all the doctor's attempts to examine her throat, declaring that at the slightest touch the pain became too intense to bear. This roused the doctor's suspicions, and suddenly seizing the girl by the back of the neck with one hand, and grasping her throat with the other, he caused the snake to appear at once, and a very capital specimen of workmanship, in gutta-percha, it proved to be! Of course the laugh against poor Barnum has been universal throughout the States. But he laughs, too, in his turn, and declares he still can make money in exhibiting the snake alone.

Female Logic.

As a young woman was walking alone one evening, a man looked at her, and followed her. The young woman said, "Why do you follow me?"—He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me?"—My sister is much handsomer; she is coming after me; go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he turned to the first woman and said, "Why did you tell me a falsehood!"—The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth, for if you were really in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

"How much did he Leave?"

Inquired a gentleman of a wag, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

Rhyme.

There was a man in my very young days, whose name I forget, very clever at extempore rhymes, especially on names, quite in the style of Hook. I remember some one saying to him, "Oh, it is absurd to say you can rhyme on all names, what would you do with such as Sennacherib and Jehoshaphat?" He rejoined instantly:—

"The valiant king Sennacherib,
Of any man could crack a rib,
But could not of Jehoshaphat,
I'll tell you why—he was so fat."

—*Recollections of John Adolphus, by his Daughter.*

Heathens at Home.

An old clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathens. One of his parishioners, in great agitation, exclaimed:—"Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?"—"Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town!"

The Weather no Joke.

AN EXCITED EDITOR'S OPINION OF A HOT DAY.

"Yesterday was hot. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sapheads as stirred in the sun. Babies bawled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bedtime. Literary gentlemen who undertook a heavy task of alliteration became exhausted in the middle of a weather paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot."

Hard Hit.

"Why do you not hold up your head, as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a labouring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours."

The Cat

Is a wonderful builder—we have seen a cat "run up a house" in five minutes.

True.

There is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to advice, medicine, and kicks.

A. Fireproof Man.

They have down in Maryland (says a New York paper) a man whom they style the African Fire King. He gave an exhibition of his "powers" recently in a physician's office in the presence of about twenty persons, and one of them describes the results thus:—He first heated a shovel red-hot, and applied it to the bottom of one of his feet. It made no impression on him whatever. He next heated a shovel red-hot and licked it repeatedly with his tongue. It did not even dry the saliva in his mouth. He then put his hand in a hot stove and took therefrom a red-hot anthracite coal, and offered it to the spectators, who declined to accept the present. His hand was not even scorched. He then called out to know if there were any "unbelievers" present. To his astonishment we announced ourselves still "unbelievers." He then put a shovel in the stove and partly filled it with shot. When the shot had got pretty hot, he stirred them with his naked fingers till the lead had melted. He then took the shovel in his right hand, and poured the hot melted lead in his left hand, and then poured the burning solution into his mouth, kept it there till it cooled, and spit it out in a lump. We then expressed ourselves entirely satisfied. He said, "That was only a 20 dols. performance; if they would make him up 50 dols. he would shew something worth seeing."

The Tempest.

A lady who had not been favoured with the most harmonious voice would, nevertheless, attempt to sing. A gentleman, one of the company, said to another, "What does she call that?" He replied, "The Tempest, I think." On which a seafaring gentleman present exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed; it is no *tempest*; it is merely a *squall*, and will soon be over."

An Inducement.

The other day an advertisement appeared announcing a cottage to be let near Dorking, one of the exceptional advantages of the tenement in question being its "close proximity to the supposed battle-field."

The Frequent Fly.

The fly iz not only a domestik critter, but a friendly one. How they git born i don't kno; but i hav thought they didn't wait tew be born, but come just az they am. Menny ov them are cut off in the flower of their youth and usefulness. Some loze their lives by lighting too near the rim ov a toad's mouth, and falling in when the toad gaps. Thousands find a watery grave, bi gitting drowned—in milkcans. Flies, morally considered, are lik other human beings; they wont light on a good helthy spot in a man, not if they can find a place that iz a little raw. I beleave they are ov temprate habits; and altho they hang around grocerys a good deal, i never see a fly the wuss for liquor; but I have often seen liquor the wuss for flies.
—*Josh Billings.*

A Moon-Stricken Heroine.

"Come away, you lazy little slut—come to your work. What are you staring out o' the window for?" exclaimed an angry mother to her little daughter, one moonlight night.—"What am I staring out for?—I'm only looking at the moon?" replied the girl. "And what are you looking at it for? Come away, and let the moon alone."—"Let the moon alone!—Who's meddling with the moon?" retorted the little stargazer.

Irredeemable Bonds.

Vagabonds.

The Drama.

Two servants were given tickets to go to the theatre, from which they soon returned. "You have surely not been?" asked their mistress.—"Oh yes," they answered, "we went to the theatre, and sat there till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together; but as it was on family matters, we felt we were intruding, and so came home."

Wait for Applause.

A certain singer was engaged to sing at the rooms at M——, and, having a pretty good opinion of himself, wrote in a certain place, "Wait for the applause." The leader, as in duty bound, stopped the band; but, alas! there was no applause, when the disappointed vocalist turned sharply round, and said rather loudly, "Why don't you go on?" The mischief-loving leader replied much more loudly, "We are waiting for the applause." A general titter through the room followed.

"The Gray Mare," &c.

Mrs. B. (taking the reins:) "No, Brown, I will not have the pony backed! No! That person must have seen us come into the lane first; and if the man's got common politeness ——" *Mr. B.:* "But, my dear, we've only just turned the ——" *Mrs. B.:* "I don't care, Brown! No! I won't go back, if I stay here till ——" *Farmer:* "All right, sir!—I'll back, sir. I've got just such another *vixen* at home, sir!"

Sleepy Precentor.

At a parish church in Essex lately, the clerk, feeling unwell, asked his friend, the railway porter, to take his place for a Sunday. He did so; but, being quite worn out with night-work, fell asleep. When the hymn was announced, a neighbour gave him a nudge, upon which he started up, rubbed his eyes, and called out, "Change here for Elmswell, Thurston, and Bury!" We have this anecdote on the "best authority."

Combination.

There are so many thieves in New York that they propose to form a society to reform some of their number, and thus prevent their business from being ruined.

Sheridan Doing the Duke.

Sheridan, the great wit and orator, was fond of practical jokes, one of which he played off on the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan was in the habit of frequenting Dolly's chop-house, where he generally called for devilled shin-bone of beef. One day, coming in rather later than usual, he was told that the only shin-bone in the larder was being cooked for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan, who knew the Duke's person, though he was not acquainted with him, took a seat within earshot of him, and began a conversation with a friend in a loud tone of voice. "I always imagined," said he, "Dolly's chop-house was one of the neatest establishments in London, but I made a discovery this morning which has convinced me that I was mistaken." The Duke listened very attentively. "As I was passing the kitchen window," continued Sheridan, "I observed a turn-spit boy greedily gnawing a shin-bone of beef. Presently one of the cooks ran up to him, and, giving him a blow on the neck, compelled him to drop the prize. 'You dirty little rascal,' said the cook, 'couldn't you find nothing else to eat? Here I've got to cook this bone for the Duke of Devonshire.'" Soon after the conclusion of this tale a waiter entered the room, and advanced to his Grace with a covered dish. "Your bone, sir," said he. "Take it away," roared the Duke, with great disgust; "I can't touch a morsel of it."—"Stay, waiter," said Sheridan, humbly; "bring it to me. If his Grace can't eat it, I can. Fetch me a bottle of claret; I don't wish a better luncheon."

Shutting up Aunty.

Aunty Betsy was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using an argument, that all the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said little Johnny, "but the old hen always goes with them."—Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

Big-Amy.

Amy Richardson, of Iowa, weighs 352 lbs. No man will marry her for fear of big-Amy.

No Conscience.

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

Our Defenders.

A rifle corps in the Vale of Clwyd were recently exercising in a field, when a cow charged them, and they all ran off—that is, save one man, who, obedient to rule, dropped on one knee, and "prepared to receive cavalry." At the first prick of the bayonet the cavalry retreated.

Both In.

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The following laconic letters passed between them:—"Dear Sam, I am in prison." Answer:—"Dear mother, so am I."

A New Advertising Idea.

A London merchant offered £5,000 to the Post-Office authorities for the exclusive privilege of advertising on every letter despatched from and received in the metropolis for one year—the advertisement to occupy a space of not less than one half inch outside the circumference of the date stamp, and to be impressed at the same time. The Postmaster-General declined the offer. —*Echo*.

The First Discoverer.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, his friend asked him, "Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" asked the former. "Every right by the laws of nations," replied the other, "you being the first discoverer."

Morning Headaches.

Some people, with the view of shutting out the noises which make "night hideous" in town, close every crevice and chink, forgetful that they exclude all fresh air at the same time; and others, from the small size and vicious construction of their bedrooms, can obtain nothing like efficient ventilation. What fresh air they get has probably been used and warmed below, before it passes into the hall and up the stairs to be distributed to the various bedrooms. The consequence in any case is, that sleep is either prevented altogether or perturbed by dreams, and the unfortunate occupant of the London bedroom descends to his breakfast with a headache, which he probably attributes to his "biliousness." The lowering of the upper sash for an inch or two, or the provision of a ventilating pane, with an open register to the grate, and the removal of all curtains from the bed, will often prove a more effectual remedy against what is called a bilious headache than any antibilious pill that was ever compounded.—*Lancet*.

Touching Simplicity.

Rustic: "Well, zur, I cum again, to thank'e for saving my lad from drowning this morning at the risk of your own life, and ——" *Gentleman*: "Oh! that will do, my man—that will do." *Rustic*: "Then maybe yur honour ain't got half-a-crown to help a poor man to drink yur 'ealth."

Sensible!

A poverty-stricken Frenchman, being aroused by his wife one night with the cry of "Get up, Jacques, there's a robber in the house!" calmly answered: "Hush, don't let us disturb him. Let him ransack the house, and if he finds anything of value we'll get up and take it away from him."

A Mortgage.

Dr. W——, on one occasion, received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed, 'I believe I have a mortgage on this child!' Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V.

Severe.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did make several visits after the patient was out of danger?—"No," replied the witness, "I considered him in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

The Quaker and Parson.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest Quaker, asked him where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time; and now thou hast been so free with *me*," added the Quaker, "pr'ythee let me ask *thee* a question: Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?"—"No," said the parson, "nor you neither, I believe." "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker; "he was going into his eleventh year.—Was he not?"

New Title for the Duke of Edinburgh.

It has been left to a Highland ghillie in Forfarshire to add to the titles of one of our Royal Princes. We are informed that one of the Earl of Dalhousie's ghillies at Invermark Lodge, replying the other day to an observation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, said, (taking off his cap at the same time,) "Please your righteousness." We are assured of the truth of this, our informant stating that the Duke turned his back on the Highlandman to hide the smile which was provoked by the unexpected salutation.

Short and Sharp.

Young Scapegrace, (escorting home Miss Dutiful from a ball, during the walk he has been relating to her the numerous and divers ways he has of doing his old man and his old woman, as he affectionately terms his father and his mother:)—"Ah, Miss Dutiful, and are your affections engaged?"—*Miss D.*: "Yes, sir." *Young S.*: "And who may be the happy individual?"—*Miss D.*: "Individuals, you should have said; they are my father and mother, sir. Good night, Mr. Scapegrace."

Two Things not yet Discovered—

The source of the Niger and the source of the Nigger.

Catch It.

An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that, "Be jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse."—"Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

Query.

Mrs. Dowdy says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

A Speculator.

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions?" "Well, where are you?"—"Why, ten thousand pounds in debt."

A 'Cute Miser.

A gentleman called on a rich miser, and found him at the table endeavouring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into his sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

Plenty to do at Home.

When the late Rev. Dr. Lawrie of London was examining a few of his parishioners in a country district, he asked John Anderson, a stolid farmer, to repeat the Tenth Commandment. John stumbled on as far as "thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house," and then stopped. "Come on," said the Doctor; "thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."—"Na, na," said John, "nane o' that, Doctor. I hae eneuch tae dae wi' oor Tibbie at hame to want ony man's wife."

A Suggestion.

Lord Buckingham was once at a dinner where a Mr. Grubb was required to sing. He begged to be excused, urging that he knew not what to sing. "Sing 'I'd be a butterfly,'" suggested the nobleman.

Shiver my Timbers.

Jack, (to image boy :) "What are you crying for, boy? Knocked your dook's arm off, and sp'ilt him, has he? Well, look'ee here, my hearty, knock his eye out, and sell him for a Nelson."

A Dog in the Sky.

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: "O Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!"—"Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier."

Error.

In a statement of accounts of the Borough of Arundel, just issued, a curious printer's error occurs. An item appears in the expenditure thus:—"Cleaning and regulating the Town Clerk, £1 0s. 6d.,"—the word "clerk" being misprinted for "clock."

No Sleep for a Fortnight.

Principal Lee, of Edinburgh University, was much inclined to complain of his health, and to expatiate on his ailments. He was met one morning by the late Professor Robertson, who expressed a hope that he was well. "Far from well," said the Principal; "I've had no sleep for a fortnight." "Then, Principal," said Dr. Robertson, "you're getting better; for when last we met you had not slept for six weeks!"

Irish Hospitality.

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal:—"I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

Modern Idea of the Ancients.

The following is told of a young gentleman who graduated from Harvard College:—In the examination in physics he was asked to give the names of the planets known to the ancients. “Well, sir,” he answered, “there were Venus and Jupiter, and”—after a pause, “I think the earth, but I’m not quite certain.”

An Ugly Customer.

A fellow, whose countenance was homely enough to scare the “old one,” was giving some extra flourishes in a public-house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him, “Didn’t you fall into a brook when you were quite young?”—“What do you mean, you impertinent little scoundrel?” “Why, I didn’t mean nothin’; only you’ve got such an all-fired, crooked mouth, I thought as how you fall’d in the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry.”

Gratitude.

An old soldier recently received alms of an elderly gentleman when he stood much in need of help. He exclaimed, with warmth, “Thanks, colonel; this is the second time that you have almost saved my life.” “How so, my man?”—“Why, colonel, I followed you immediately when you made an early retreat from the field of Waterloo.”

“Was not that a Pretty Dish?”

First Gentleman: “What ye goin’ to have for dinner?”
—*Second ditto:* “Pigeon pie.” *First ditto:* “Why, I thought you’d sold yer birds.”—*Second ditto:* “So I did; but when I took ’em to the chap, I ’appened to loose a tile in his loft. Birds come ’ome. Chap come next day, but a-course I ’adn’t seen ’em—and that ’ow I got the pigeon pie!”

An Optical Illusion.

Waiter (on receipt of a “threepenny” as a gratuity): “Beg pardon, sir. Would you ’ave the goodness to tell me what this small coin is? You can see better with your glass than I can with the naked heye!”

Good Reason.

"Pray, madam, why did you name your old hen Macduff?" was asked of a sentimental old lady who kept poultry.—"Because, sir," she replied, "I want her to 'lay on.'"

The Cut Direct.

A conceited young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation.—"Oh, my dear friend," said the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

An El Dorado for the Starving.

A private letter from a tea-planter in Assam says—"Splendid weather for tea now. The spider, for the season, I think, has spun its last web, and the blister blown its final bubble. The tea tree looks verdant, healthy, and like itself again, while all around the crops (near the splendid nurseries of dhan—for they have not yet been translated to the patters) augur an abundant harvest. What a country this is! No famine—no starvation—an El Dorado indeed for the thousands we read of who perish in those famine-stricken countries."

A Bismarckian Joke.

The German Reichskanzler seems to be steadily acquiring the character of a ready joker—in public opinion, at least—somewhat after the fashion of that jaunty Cupid, Lord Palmerston. The following mot is making the rounds of the papers:—When, at the peace preliminaries, the sum of milliards—which now seems to sit so lightly on France—was mentioned, Jules Favre, not exactly bursting into tears, as before, yet appeared utterly speechless with horror. When he had recovered from his paroxysm, all he could say was, that "even if one were to count from the time of Christ till now, one could not manage to count such an enormous sum." Upon which Bismarck replied with a smile, "Don't let that distress you. I have thought of that, and therefore brought this gentleman"—pointing to Bleichröder, the Jewish banker—"with me. He counts from the creation of the world."

Leave of Absence.

The evening before a battle an officer asked Marshal Toria for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who saw through his pretext, "honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

Warm Wish.

A widow lady sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

Hope.

"If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old woman said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.

"Cook"-ing Pompeii and Herculaneum.

An autumnal tour to Italy, to be conducted by Mr. Cook, is advertised to start on September 6, and to continue a month. The comprehensive character of the arrangements may be inferred from a single specimen:—"Tuesday, 26th Sept., trip by carriages to Pompeii, calling by the way at Herculaneum." Mr. Cook's customers are manifestly of the active disposition of the American who arrived late at night at Moscow, and "did" the ancient capital of Russia before an English fellow-traveller had got out of bed.

Confession.

"Madame," said a very polite traveller to a testy old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"—"I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house! There isn't a first hair in it, for as soon as Martha Ann told me that the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over."

Music by the Quire.

One evening, at a social gathering, a young lady played a piece of music consisting of twenty-four pages. A gentleman, in referring to it next day, said they were favoured with music by the *quire*.

Reason for Abstinence.

An incident occurred at a late agricultural feast which we may here relate. Mr. Dempster had one year offered an apology for drinking toast and water, by stating that he was an invalid. At the following meeting, one of his farmers followed his landlord's example of abstinence. "Why," said the President, addressing him, "aren't you taking your glass, James?"—"Excuse me, Maister Dempster," said the farmer, "for I am an infidel." "Ah!" rejoined Mr. Dempster, "you differ from the old infidels, who said, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

Scene in the Atlantic Telegraph Office.

Fond Wife (to telegraph operator): "Oh sir, I want to send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?"—*Obliging Operator*: "Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me, with ten shillings, and I'll transmit it."—*Fond Wife*: "If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position."—(Operator's indignation is great.)

Hints for Husbands.

"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I have got you to go out with me to any party, or theatre?" asked Isabella.—"My love," said William, "there would be no merit in my going, were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of shewing that I go only to please you, dearest." Isabella was silenced, but not convinced.

Economy.

Mrs. Partington said she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and could wear out his old clothes.

A Lad in his Day.

When Dr. Thomson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup;" from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its fatal effects on the head, heart, and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies, with whom he was well acquainted, who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear yon, Johnnie?" quoth the one.—"Did I hear't? Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the hail sermon." "Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?"—"Adeed, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day, or he couldna ken'd sae weel about it! Ah, he's been a slee hand, the meenister!"

Good Trick.

A bashful young man in Delaware, who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol, which, he assured her, was loaded only with powder; and after she had done so, fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved; whereupon he got up, and married her.

Revenge.

Some years ago, when Macready was performing in Chicago, he was unfortunate enough to offend one of the actors, a native American of Western type. This person, who was cast for the part of Claudius, in "Hamlet," resolved to pay off the star for many supposed offences. So, in the last scene, as Hamlet stabbed the usurper, that monarch reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered, "Die farther up the stage, sir!" The monarch lay insensible. Upon which, in a still louder voice, Hamlet growled, "Die farther up the stage, sir!" Hereupon Claudius, sitting up, observed, "I believe I'm king here, and I'll die where I please!" So the tragedy concluded.

Cure.

The following story is told of a father of the Church:—At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth!"—"Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

Sarv'd her Right.

During the Session of the Equal Rights Convention, a strong-minded female entered a crowded street-railroad car. An old gent rose to give her a seat, but asked, "Be you one of those women's righters?"—"I be." "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man?"—"Yes, I do." "Then stand up and enjoy them like a man." And stand up she had to do.

A Condition.

A colonel of volunteers repeatedly insisted, as a condition of his offer of service, "Mind, we are not to go out of the country, Mr. Pitt—we are not to go out of the country."—"Except, I suppose," said the minister, coldly, "in the case of actual invasion."

Bad Bargain.

The other week a simple-hearted, decent farmer in a Highland glen had the misfortune to lose his better half, with whom he had not been always upon the most friendly terms. Some days after the funeral the bereaved was accosted by his minister: "Ay, ay, Duncan, the wife has worn awa."—"Ou ay, ou ay, sir," replied Duncan. "Well," rejoined the minister, "it is to be hoped she is in Abraham's bosom." Duncan's eyes brightened as he answered: "Weel, I dinna ken gin she be there or no, but gin he hinna a better bargain o' 'er than I had, he winna keep her sae lang."

Kites.

A curious anecdote is told of an eminent judge, now dead. While a junior he had to speak of some questionable proceedings, and said, "Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant has been amusing himself by flying kites." "Doing what?" said the judge.—"Flying kites, my lord—putting his name to accommodation bills." "Why are they called kites?"—"Why, my lord, there is connection between the schoolboy's kite and the wind; only there the wind raises the kite, and here the kite raises the wind!"

Artful.

A Yankee lawyer, who was pleading the cause of a little boy, took him up in his arms, and held him up to the jury, suffused in tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the boy, "What makes you cry?"—"He's pinching me," said the boy.

Arithmetic.

An honest Hibernian, in a company who blamed the clergy for taking the tenth part of the people's property, exclaimed, "Ay! they would take a twentieth if they could."

Pat's Puzzle.

In a jovial company each one asked a question. If it was answered he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit. An Irishman's question was: "How does the little ground-squirrel dig his hole without shewing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said: Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed: "But how does he get there?"—Ah!" said Pat, "that's your question—you can answer it yourself!"

Tit for Tat.

A man who had filed a petition for divorce, was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as the lawyers called it. "A cross petition!" exclaimed the husband. "That's just like her. She never did a good-natured thing in her life."

A Simile.

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

Doctor Johnson,

Being once in company with some female scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed: "It is perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people's characters."

Another Definition of Marriage.

Old Crudginton, on being told that the Loveladys began to quarrel before the honeymoon was over, remarked, that their behaviour only strengthened him in his opinion, that matrimony was like an English summer—"Three fine days and a thunderstorm."

Marriage.

A widower, having taken another wife, was, nevertheless, always paying some panegyric to the memory of his late spouse in the presence of the living one; who one day added, with great feeling, "Believe me, my dear, nobody regrets her loss more than I do."

Good.

Brown had been in love with a young lady, and asked permission to call her by the name of some animal; which request was granted on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, Brown said, "Good night, dear."—"Good night, bore," she said.

A Curious Advertisement.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Aberdeen Herald*:—"If the person who took (it is concluded by mistake) the white waterproof coat belonging to Mr. Pitt Taylor, on Tuesday last, will apply at the barracks, he can have the peg it used to hang upon, as it is of no further use to the owner!"

Which is Which.

A good story is told of an Irish ostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."—"Certainly, yer honour, I know that very well; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

A Proper Pun.

When the Hon. Mrs. Norton was applied to, on the death of Hood, for a contribution to the fund being raised for the destitute widow, and headed by Sir Robert Peel with £50, she promptly sent a liberal subscription, but could not resist the perpetration of a pun:—

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty, and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow Hood.

Lovers' Notes at Niagara Falls.

Wise people, whether lovers or not, keep their private emotions sacred; but fools of both sexes love to babble and to scribble. The first lover thus records his experience,—

On Table Rock we did embrace,
And then we stood both face to face:
The moon was up, the wind was high,
I looked at she, and she at I.

Language failed him after this effort, and he could say no more. The next gentleman probably had a difference with his lady-love. At all events he says,—

Great is the mystery of Niagara's waters,
But more mysterious still are some men's daughters.

Another swain, deeply enamoured, but more of a wag than a poet, writes from his heart, and with a daring rhyme,—

Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Niagara.

A Cabman Sold.

On a rainy winter evening, a gentleman travelling in a cab found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him: so, thinking he would try the honesty of the cabman, he called out, as he ran up the steps, "Wait a minute. I have dropped my money in the cab, and will get a light and search for it." The words were barely spoken when the cabman gave the horse a furious lash, and drove off at a violent rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw cab or driver again.

Bad Husband.

A poor married woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband.—"Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself; I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband."—"He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman; "but he is a power better than none."

A Pleasant Suggestion.

A lover, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.—"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."—"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhere else."

Doing the Professor.

A professor of legerdemain was exhibiting in the neighbourhood of a colliery, and after performing some trick, asked the loan of a halfpenny. A collier handed him one, which the juggler shortly announced had been transformed into a sovereign, which he exhibited. "An' is that my bawbee?" asked the astonished collier.—"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "Let's see it, wull 'ee?" The request was complied with, and the collier, turning it round and round with admiration, at last put it in his pocket, exclaiming, "Now, I'se warrant ye'll no turn it into a bawbee again."

Might and Mane.

Lord Charles Somerset was telling a long story about his walking in the woods at the Cape one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge, shaggy lion. "Thinking to frighten him," said the noble lord, "I ran at him with all my *might*."—"Whereupon," said another, interrupting, "he ran away with all his *mane*."—"Just so," said his lordship.

Engagement.

A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now while it's a *beau*."

Excommunicated.

At a young ladies seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?"—"No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

Hearty Meals.

"Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one-half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half."—"I suppose, then," retorted William, "that the true liver is only they who die of hunger."

Revenge.

Simpson, the actor, would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Simpson was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

Epitaphs.

On Alexander Layton, Master of Defence, buried in St. Dunstan's in the West, London, 1679:—

His thrusts like lightning flew; but skilful death
Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of breath.

On William Wheatly:—

Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly,
For underneath the same doth lie
Your honest friend, Will Wheatly

In an old churchyard in Fife:—

Banes among stanes do lie fou still,
Whilk the soul wanders e'en where God will

On a tailor, by name Stitch, who died of a stitch:—

Here Stitch the tailor in his grave doth lie,
Who by stitch did live, and by it die.

In Selby Churchyard, Yorkshire:—

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and gravestone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know
What Frank for others used to do
Is now for Frank done by another.

Drawings of Cork.

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to their country, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork.—“No, sir,” replied Foote, “but I have seen many drawings of it.”

A Family Man.

Cabby: “Vy, I’m a father of a fam’ly myself, mum—not so ’ansome as your little dears, mum, I don’t say—an’ d’you think I’d go for to overcharge for ’em? Not I, mum. Not a sixpence, bless their little ’earts!” (Claim allowed.)

What a Fib.

Julia: “‘Gusta, dear, do see the love of a bouquet Captain Dash gave me!’” *Gusta* (who is a little jealous): “Yes, dear, it’s very pretty. He offered it to me before you came down.”

Hard Hit.

A gallant was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor?—"I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

An Anecdote of Professor Wilson.

It is said that Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" has been strangely overrated. Its fine words and sounding lines please the generality of readers, who never stop to ask themselves the meaning of a passage. The lines—

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the wind unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world,"

are sheer nonsense,—nothing more than a poetical indigestion. What has a giant to do with a star? What is a meteor standard? But it is useless to inquire what such stuff means. Once, at my house, Professor Wilson, having spoken of those lines with great admiration, a very sensible and accomplished lady who happened to be present begged him to explain to her their meaning. He was extremely indignant, and taking down the "Pleasures of Hope" from a shelf, read the lines aloud, and declared that they were splendid. "Well, sir," said the lady, "but what do they mean?" Dashing the book on the floor, he exclaimed, in his broad Scotch accent, "I'll be damned if I can tell!"

Geographical.

A schoolboy, who was studying geography, was asked by his teacher whether, in going from the Baltic Sea to Portugal, he would pass through any *straits*. "Why, yes, sir," said the rapid student, "I should go as *straight* as I could."

Quips and Cranks.

Quip and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman; "but I have the better judgment."—"Yes," said Quip, "our choice in marriage shews that!" Quip was informed that he was a brute.

The Brutes.

First Benedict: "Well, this weather suit you?"—
Second ditto: "Capital—capital! And you?" *First ditto:* "I believe you: my wife has such a cold she can't speak!"—*Second ditto:* "So has mine!"

An Affecting Anecdote.

"Sir," said a teetotalter to a gentleman about to enter a public bar—"sir, you should set a better example. Teach your inferiors to avoid evil and become perfect."—"That is beyond my power," said the other. "But you ought to do what you *can*!"—"Then I'll do a can of beer, sir."

A Dutiful Daughter.

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with down-cast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?"—"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call *him* an actor."

Probable.

"Hallo, old boy, you've got a bad cold. *How* did you get it?"—"Well, do you know, I think I must have left off my hat-band too soon!"

Retort Feminine.

Occasioned by the reply, in a ball-room, of an unpolished gentleman to the question, "Why do you not dance?" which was, "Because I see no pretty women."

"So, sir, you really do declare
 You'll dance with none but ladies fair?
 Suppose we women should dispense
 Our hands to none but men of sense?"
 "Suppose! Well, madam, and what then?"—
 "Why, sir, you'd never dance again."

Union.

"As we two are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you I beat half of myself."—"Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

Good.

An advertisement in a New York paper, promising, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, to send a receipt to keep water in wells and cisterns from freezing, a man in the neighbouring city forwarded the amount, and received by return mail the following answer:—"Take in your well and cistern in cold nights, and keep them by the fire."

Nipt in the Bud.

(Scene: A Ball-room abroad.) *Young Fitz*, (attache, late clerk at the Tape and Sealing-wax Office:) Yaas—wather pwide myself on my flowers. Used to cost me fifty pounds a-yeaw when I was at the awffice."—*Guileless Being*: "Dear me; how very little you must have had to live on!"

Complimentary.

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been shewing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."—"Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for the compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

Good and Bad.

The following conversation between two Bourse speculators, who had been separated from each other for a few weeks, was recently overheard:—"What have you been doing since I last saw you?"—"I have been married."—"That is good!"—"Not so good either, for my wife is a coquette."—"That is bad!"—"Not so bad either, for my wife had a fortune of 300,000*l*."—"That is good!"—"Not so good either, for I have risked it all at play."—"That is bad!"—"Not so bad either, for I have gained double."—"That is good!"—"Not so good either, for the person to whom I entrusted it has decamped."—"That is bad!"—"Not so bad either, *for my wife has gone with him!*"

Easily Pleased.

Lord M——, who had a very exalted opinion of himself, once remarked: "Whenever I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out laughing."—"Then, my lord," said Charles Townsend, "I envy your happiness, for you must be the merriest man in Europe."

A New Gender.

"Of what gender is Thomas?" asked a teacher of a grammar-class.—"Thomas is of the masculine gender," replied his pupil. "Of what gender is Susan?" continued the teacher.—"Susan is of the crinoline gender, of course," was the quick reply.

Matrimonial Measure.

2 Polkas	make	1 Flirtation.
3 Flirtations	"	1 Squeeze of the hand.
4 Squeezes	"	1 Kiss.
5 Kisses	"	1 Moonlit meeting.
2 Moonlit Meetings	"	1 Wedding.
2 Weddings	"	4 Fools.

Good for Jess.

A nursery-maid was leading a little child up and down a garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" asked the gardener.—"A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," said he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower many women in the world."—"Hech, man," said Jess, "did you no ken there's maist sawn o' the best crap?"

Power of Beauty.

In the rearing of pigs it is found necessary to allow them to range about the fields, and it is equally necessary to put iron rings in their snouts, to prevent their tearing up the land in their search for pig-nuts. A gentleman, in whose field a number of these animals were grazing, observed one of them without the usual appendages; whereupon he called his pig-man and inquired the reason of the omission. "Why," said the man, "look'ee, sir! I was agoin' to do it, but when I comed to her I could na find i' my heart to put a ring i' that pratty little face!"

Too Polite.

Old Duffin has advertised for a travelling companion for a trip through Switzerland. He is knocked up at three o'clock a.m. by Larkins. *Larkins*: "I believe, sir, you have advertised for a travelling companion?" — *Duffin*: "I have, sir." *Larkins*: "Ah, then, I thought, as I was passing on my way from the club, I'd just call and tell you that *I* can't go with you!"

Satisfied.

There is a story of a Scotch boy, who, being asked whether he wished to be regenerated, replied, "Na, na!" "What for no, Robin?"—"Because regeneration means being born again, and then wha can tell I might na be a lassie?"

Answers for our Artist.

"Biddy Maloney, just you look at that clock! Didn't I tell you last night to knock at my door at eight this morning?"—"An' so ye did, sir, and I came to the door at eight sure enough, but I heard ye was making no noise at all!" "Well, why the dickens didn't you knock, and wake me?"—"Sure, and because I feared yez might be fast asleep!"

Want of Courage.

A bashful lover had not sufficient courage to pop the question. On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman replied, passionately, "Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?"—"Oh, yes, you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl!" said the bashful lover.

Just so.

"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday."—"Indeed! what was it?" "You said the apostle used the figure of circumlocution, and I dinna ken what it means."—"Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a puir fool I were not to understand that!"

A Discharge.

An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed that he *owed* him a good drubbing. "Never mind, sir," said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the *debt*!"

Down on Him, and up to Him.

A fact. Scene: Ludgate Station.—*Railway Official*, (to rustic:) "King's Cross! Upstairs, sir!"—*Rustic* (who has been warned of the wicked ways of London:) "Nay—nay; thee doesn't kotch I like that! I bean't goin' *Oopstairs* to the *Oonderground* Railway."

Obliging.

A friend of ours the other day was accosted in one of our streets with the words: "Do you know the time, sir?" Upon which he pulled out his watch, and, after consulting it, returned it to his pocket, coolly replying to the interrogative, "Yes, sir, I do," and then walked off.

Something to be Proud of.

Two children were discussing what their "mothers could do." After naming very meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, one put an end to the dispute by exclaiming, "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

Artless Child.

"Come here, my little dear," said a young man to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses; "you are the sweetest thing on earth."—"No, I am not," she replied, artlessly; "sister says you are the sweetest." The question was popped the next day.

Irish Flattery.

Two ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think is the elder?"—"Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

The Reason Why.

"According to Milton, Eve kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to a lady friend, and then added, in a melancholy tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves since."—"Because there have been no husbands worth listening to," was the quick retort.

Small Presents.

Montesquieu was discussing a question with a counsellor of the parliament of Bordeaux, who was witty, but rather hot-headed. The latter, concluding some very fiery remarks, said: "Mr. President, if this is not as I tell you, I will give you my head."—"I accept it," replied Montesquieu, coolly. "Small presents keep up friendship."

Malapropos.

The Duke of Norfolk had a fancy for owls, of which he kept several. He called one, from his resemblance to the Chancellor, "Lord Thurlow." The duke's solicitor was once in conversation with his grace, when, to his surprise, the owl-keeper came up and said, "Please, your grace, Lord Thurlow's laid an egg."

The Lost Tongue.

Not far from Seven Oaks there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, desired to hear again the clatter of that little bell that sometimes made his ears tingle; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, &c., and, without thinking, screamed out, "Mercy! What in the world are you doing?"—"Nothing," he replied, quite coolly, "only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

A Debt of Honour.

The following receipt will be considered perhaps of importance to those who have money to ask and demand of those who have either no money or no inclination to give it. A tradesman waited upon the Duke of Dash, and produced his bill, his catalogue longer than that of Leporello. "I have nothing to say to you, sir; good morning," and he handed his steward a cheque for £5000 at the same moment. "But, your grace——" "Well, what?"—"You are not without funds; you have given a cheque for £5000 this moment!" "Ah, that was for a debt of honour!" "Very well, your grace; there is a receipt in full for your bill—pray consider mine henceforth as a debt of honour." The next day he had his cheque, as he deserved, for his wit. We advise every tradesman to follow this excellent example, and give receipts all round.

Feminine Logic.

A lady once declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It absolutely shortens lives," said she. "I don't know that," replied a gentleman. "There's my father, who smokes every day, and he is now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

Paddy Blake's Echo.

When Paddy Blake heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he observed: "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden. If you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir!'"

Rather too Warm.

Accidental Guest, (to casual acquaintance, whom he finds "doosid agreeable:") "Hang this squalling! Let's go and have a weed at Cremorne." *Casual Acquaintance*: "Nothing I should like better this hot weather; but as it's my wife at the piano, and I'm the master of the house, I'm afraid it wouldn't quite do!"

Blessings.

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the christening fee.

The Plain Truth.

A Scotchman went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" said the lawyer.—"O, ay, sir," rejoined he; "I thoot it best to tell ye the plain truth; you can put the lies into it yoursel'."

Mistaken his Calling.

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson."—"Very probably," replied Sidney; "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

Divided Words.

The way in which words are often divided, when set to music, sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, cry out—

"Oh for a man!

Oh for a man!

Oh for a man-sion in the skies!"

While on another occasion a choir sang out to the best of their ability—

"We'll catch the flee!

We'll catch the flee!

We'll catch the flee-ting hours!"

It is hoped nobody was bitten.

A Kind Offer.

A few days ago a handsome coat was stolen from the shop of a tailor of Birkenhead, and on the next day the following appeared in his window:—"Notice.—If the gentleman who stole a black cloth coat from this shop on the evening of the 5th should find it not to fit him, if he will please call it shall be altered to his satisfaction, free of charge." Polite people at Birkenhead!

What's a Coroner.

"Julius, what's a coroner?"—"A coroner, Mr. Snow, is a man what sits on de people to see wedder dey killed themselves or committed suicide." "And what does he do when he finds out?"—"Bring in de wardict, Julius." "What's a wardict!"—"Why, a long, black pole, painted white on de end. Now hold yer jaw, and don't bodder any more."

A Bird without Feathers.

"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers."—"Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no!" said she, coaxingly; "you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"—"Why, dressed, to be sure," said he.

An Irishman's Love.

An Irishman fell in love with a lady; but she, instead of reciprocating his affection, fell in love with another man and married him, which caused Pat to exclaim, in the fulness of his heart: "Och, would that you had been born twins, so that I could have had half of you!"

A Stubborn Youth.

"I say, boy, stop that ox."—"I haven't got no stopper, sir." "Well, head him, then."—"He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence—turn him!"—"He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you!"—"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

True Courage.

That dreadful boy: "Oh ain't, Margaret brave, that's all! Last night, when she was in the garden, I saw a man jump over the hedge, and kiss her. She was not a bit afraid, and said nothing about it when she came in!"

More Happiness.

"The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. More is very great," said one lady to another. To which reply was made, "When they have a little More it will be greater."

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